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Travels through the Crimea, Turkey, and Egypt; performed during the years 1825—1828. By the late James Webster, Esq., of the Inner Temple. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Colburn & Bentley.

THE multiplication of books of travels, regarded by some as an evil, and by many as a nuisance, is among the most favourable circumstances of the times in which we live. Travellers, though seldom themselves able to philosophize profoundly upon the phenomena in the presence of which they are placed, or even to appreciate correctly the value of the facts they observe and relate, perform, nevertheless, a part of the philosopher's business, by scrutinizing the manners, customs, and institutions of distant nations; and thus prolong, as it were, his powers of vision, and enable him to contemplate from his closet the whole moral surface of the globe.

But the author and the editor of the *Travels* now before us assume a little too much of the philosophical air; the latter especially, who, in his introductory memoir, professing to give the biography of his friend, enters into a long disquisition "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*," which, to say the least of it, is exceedingly out of place. The kindly spirit, however, in which this memoir is written, and the powerful love of freedom which breathes throughout, stifle effectually all disposition to be hypercritical; for when the heart speaks, taste is silent, even though its laws be somewhat neglected. We in general agree with the editor in his views, both philosophical and political; though we cannot altogether admire the style in which he clothes his ideas, or the enthusiasm which led him to imagine that the exertions of James Webster were connected in any very remarkable manner with the general fortunes of human nature. We are unquestionably led to entertain a very high idea of the young man, both from the account here given of the ardour of his early studies, and from the fruits of those studies which the book itself furnishes; but, at the same time, we are no less fully persuaded that his notions were frequently crude and ill-digested, wearing rather the appearance than the reality of wisdom. For example, disgusted with the extravagant expression of enthusiasm for the Greek cause, observable in many honest Philhellenes, and dreading the imputation of being under the influence of the sweet illusions of boyhood, he affects a kind of indifference for the present race of Greeks; because, forsooth, they are vicious, and less magnanimous than the Turks. No doubt this appeared to him the sane, common-sense view of the question; but it is, we apprehend, the least philosophical view of it that could be taken. The moral degradation of the Greeks is only one reason the more why we should pity them, and detest the oppressors, who, by their atrocious system of government, have succeeded in demoralizing and debasing a people of such high physical and moral capabilities. Had the Turks been less abominable tyrants than they are, the Greeks would have been less vicious, more happy, better instructed—in one word, every way less the objects of universal commiseration than at present. Their vices, as well as miseries, are attributable to the Turks.

It must by no means be inferred from this irrational opinion of Mr. Webster, that he is in general at all favourable to despotism. On the contrary, he is a bold, liberal advocate for the rights of mankind, and loses few opportunities of saying a good or a smart thing in favour of freedom, and of that improvement in the arts of life which is a necessary consequence of it. Of the early part of his journal, which related wholly to France and Italy, extracts only are given; not that the editor thought those countries too well known,—for, in fact, the opinion that they are so, is one reason why they are not,—but that he seems to have passed through them too rapidly, or noticed them too slightly.

The "*Travels*," properly so called, commence with Trieste—a fine, regularly-built, and yet not unpicturesque town; from whence our traveller set out for Vienna, in July, 1827. At the custom-house he encountered one of those vexations which, in the eyes of an Englishman, constitute one of the principal miseries of human life—he was delayed, and compelled to pay money. The history of this transaction is somewhat too long to be extracted; but the moral is, that it is a very bad habit to carry tobacco with you when you are travelling in the Austrian dominions. We have scarcely got rid of the history of the tobacco, before we arrive at the Grotto of Adelsberg, where we have abundance of stalactites, and halls, and corridors, and recesses; and, emerging from this, we make a bold dash, and arrive at once at Vienna.

There is no place so well known but a skilful writer will render a description of it deeply interesting; because, though reality furnishes the form and the colours, the impressions these create upon the mind of the traveller depend greatly upon the constitution of his individual character. Mr. Webster says nothing new upon the Austrian capital; not because there is nothing new to be said, or that he was any way incapable of originality,—but that he had no time for observation. Very little can be learned of any country by riding through it on the gallop. It is only by subjecting both men and manners to a long and rigorous scrutiny that anything new is to be wrung out of them.

From Vienna we accompany Mr. Webster to Poland, where we see a great many ragged Jews, and hear a great deal of Latin murdered by waiters and kitchen-wenchies; but there is little to instruct, though there may be something to amuse, in this part of the work, and therefore we hasten on to the Crimea,—pausing a moment at Odessa, just to witness the celebration of a marriage:—

"On Sunday the 16th, we attended the solemnization of a marriage according to the Greek rite. A temporary altar was raised, on the right of which were the men, and on the left the women. The bride and the bridegroom both wore crowns. The bride was dressed as a girl—her head without cap or kerchief, her hair hanging down behind in a long plaited tail, and flowers over her forehead. Both bride and bridegroom held a candle. The priest presented a tumbler of wine to the lady, which she, crossing herself, tasted, and handed to her future lord. This was repeated thrice, and the last time the bridegroom emptied the glass. The priest then

tied the left hand of the man to the right hand of the woman, and led them thrice round the altar, stopping each time, and the people chaunting. He then took off the crowns, which they kissed, and the husband having thrice embraced his wife, the ceremony was finished. The bride now, accompanied by all the females, retired into a corner, where she put on the dress of a married woman—her hair was bound up, a handkerchief, worn only by the married, tied over it, and the whole habiliment changed. In the meantime the bridegroom stood smiling and looking as if he knew not how to look. He then received a carved and gilded picture of the Nativity, holding which before him, and attended by his wife, he set out, the spectators following in his train." i. 44-5.

The mode of travelling post in this part of the Russian empire, is at once so pleasant and expeditious, that we cannot resist the temptation of copying it, in the hope that certain persons in England may take the hint:—

"We left Odessa on the 21st, to travel post in the Russian manner, of which we had heard so much. A light wicker-built britska, four horses abreast, with a bell attached to the end of the pole, constituted our equipage. Twenty copecs, or twopence, was the driver's legal demand, thirty the sum usually given, and, on our offering him forty, he flourished his whip, with a halloo to his horses, and set off at full speed. The wheels spun, the dirt, dust, and grass, flew behind us, and Odessa was soon lost in the distance. Without exaggeration, we may say, that, at some parts, we were driving at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, over a road like a bowling-green, two small ditches and the striped werste-posts marking out its direction over an immense plain. Nothing for miles interrupted its level appearance, excepting where, at intervals, it was dotted with the tumuli of the ancient Scythians, till it faded away in the blue distance. Thus we continued our journey throughout the day, till, towards evening, the far-off spires, chimneys, and masts of vessels, rising, as it were, from the soil, indicated our approach to Nicolaef, and we were soon on the banks of the broad Dnieper, over which the ferry-boat carried us in half an hour, and at sunset we entered the town." i. 45-6.

As a specimen of the philosophy which prevails throughout the work, and is by no means the least entertaining part of it, we copy the following remarks which succeed a description of the mode of worship which prevails in a Mohammedan mosque:—

"All religions have a tendency to resolve themselves into a repetition of rites, as is the case with the Catholic and the English churches. The Mohammedan rite is shorter than that of the two churches here instanced, and is on that account more suited to its end. The mind dwelling continuously on one idea is heated to enthusiasm, but the rite, when short, has the effect of stirring the spirit as though it were music. There is no exercise of the intellect; the imagination and the passions are moved by the recurrence of the same sounds and the same gestures, and by the presence of numbers employed in the same mysterious incantation. It is a curious subject for investigation, how the mind

is most awakened to piety—whether by change or repetition—by addressing the intellect, or by appealing to the passions—by promises, or by threats. Most religions have tried all these, and the character of a religion is best judged by inquiring what kind of excitement predominates. One thing must be said for the Mohammedan,—it has succeeded, and that by promises, rather than by threats.

"Who that has ever heard the Ave Maria slowly tolled forth in the quiet of an Italian twilight, can doubt that the effect of those sounds (their religious connexion being known,) is to produce a pious and contemplative tendency in the minds of all? Without them, day might die unheeded, and the manifold images of man's life and destiny, which sunset and the still advance of night present, would be unobserved. The mind is arrested by the sounds; they affect the stranger—how much more those whose earliest associations are connected with them! So is it with the call of the Mohammedan priest. It is indeed a ruder observance, wanting the poetic effect of the Ave Maria, but marked by the simplicity of primitive worship. The call to prayer is heard throughout the city—the long howl, so unpleasant to one of a different creed and country, is to the Mohammedan a sacred sound, which admonished his childhood, and admonishes his ripened age, of the duties which he owes to God, to his fellow men, and to himself. The Mullah, pacing round, and calling Allah! Allah! from every minaret, is a visible messenger of the Most High, inviting worshippers from every quarter of the wind." i. 84—6.

The following is the last extract we can find space for:—"On Thursday morning a crowd collected in the market-place [of Symferopol]. Observing a black flag, and concluding that something unusual was about to take place, we walked towards the assembled multitude, and found them witnessing the infliction of the punishment of the knout on ten or twelve prisoners, who, in endeavouring to escape from prison, had murdered the priest, and killed several of the guard who had opposed them. Three of them had already suffered the punishment when we arrived, and the fourth was undergoing it. A large circle had been formed by the military, who, with bayonets fixed, and presented towards the centre, formed a guard upon the prisoners, and kept the crowd at a distance. The criminal was fixed on a sloping plank, on one side of which were two large rings, to which his arms were fastened, the top having a large notch to admit of his neck, which was strapped down. His legs were also fastened at the ankles, and his shirt stripped off, leaving his back bared down to the waist. In this condition he received the infliction of forty stripes by the knout, a sort of scourge, which is about two feet and a half long in the handle, and having a heavy lash about the same length as the handle, at the end of which, again, is fixed a thong of white leather. The executioner, taking his whip in his hand, and measuring his distance, walked away about eight or ten paces, and returned and struck the blow. Thus a space of about twenty seconds elapsed between each blow. So severe was the punishment, that, ere the forty stripes had been inflicted, the head of the criminal fell on his shoulder, and he was removed from the post in a senseless state. During the infliction of his sentence, curiosity induced us to approach that part of the circle where those who still waited a similar infliction were standing. The horror depicted in their countenances, by the anticipation of impending torture, was a manifest aggravation of their punishment—if possible, even worse than the actual suffering. By the wild and despairing exclamations which, from time to time, escaped them, we were fully able to judge of the dreadful mental torture to which they were reduced. One of them wished for a knife, that

he might put a period to his agony. As soon as the man was removed who had received the allotted number of stripes, another was brought forward, who very reluctantly prepared, in which he was assisted with much more effect by the executioner, who tore off his shirt, forced him on the plank, thrust him down, and, having bound him, proceeded to execute the sentence. Nothing can be conceived more barbarous and inhuman than the appearance of the executioner. His bald head and long matted locks falling on his shoulders, his large black mustachios, his glaring eyes and ghastly visage, added, if possible, to the horror and disgust with which the scene inspired us. The screams of the sufferer, at the repetition of each blow—his agonized writhing, the sweat streaming down his forehead, and the blood gushing from his back, rendered the scene too repulsive to be any longer witnessed, and we quitted the spot. Although this punishment may be deemed barbarous, yet, upon reflection, it may be thought more adapted, than that of hanging, to the accomplishment of the object proposed by both. As regards the suffering of the criminal, the former is certainly the severer punishment; and, on his recovery, which takes place in a few days, he has a chance of reforming his life, of which he is the more likely to take advantage, from the recollection of his past suffering. Its effect upon criminals before they undergo it, is, as we have stated, still greater, if possible, than the actual infliction; and the warning, which it gives to the spectators, seemed to make an impression which, as is well known, is rarely produced by an Old Bailey execution. We were told that, as soon as these criminals should recover from the effects of their punishment, they would be sent to work, for the remainder of their lives, in the mines of Siberia." i. 95—7.

The second volume, which relates almost wholly to Egypt, we shall review in a future Number.

The Lay of the Desert: a Poem in two cantos. By Henry Sewell Stokes. 12mo. London, 1830, Hurst, Chance & Co.

It is little to be wondered at that there are so many aspirants in the field of poetry, when success, even of a temporary and somewhat questionable nature, as in the cases of Robert Montgomery and others, causes the name of the poet to be so widely spread, and his works to be so greatly talked of. Even should the quality of the poetry produced be but little above decent mediocrity, if the poet chance to hit the public taste in respect of subject—if he knows how to use great swelling words, in a manner that to the undiscerning shall look like lofty poetical thoughts—and, above all, if he revels in mystical imaginations about heaven and hell, and inveighs in stormy language against the wickedness of the world and all manner of iniquity, he is sure to be idolized by many, and to such a degree, that he is never likely after to trouble himself with seeking for the approbation of those whose praise is by no means so cheaply obtained.

Here is another young gentleman, who writes a poem in two long cantos in the Spenserian stanza, under the attractive title of "The Lay of the Desert;" and wherein he means, as promised in the preface, to "attempt to develop the operation of the principle of sinister interest," &c. We like to read of lonely deserts, and we are pleased always to find principles developed in good Spenserian verse, handsomely printed as this poem is; and though our author be but young, he puts forth his opinions "with a boldness bordering on temerity," and sets down his name in the title-page. We therefore set about reading the poem with every disposition to be pleased, and if possible to praise him, and sincerely wish that we could do so more than

our duty to the public and to ourselves would justify.

In the first place then, the poem is not exactly concerning a Desert, or the Desert—the very idea of which carries with it associations of dreary solitude and almost of grandeur; of a vast extent of grey waste, and an endless sweep of glistening sand and burning sky; and which interests us in its association with the lonely traveller and his weary camels, its raging thirsts, its dangerous siroccos, and its melancholy sterility. The poem ought not to be called the Lay of the Desert, but the Lay of the Moor; and though a moor is certainly desert enough when one may lose his way in it, or when the shooting season is over; yet is it an object perfectly English, particularly when it turns out to be Dartmoor, and carries very different associations from "The Desert," which this poem is entitled. The praise which Mr. Carrington's poem of Dartmoor has received, may have had its effect in the production of the present; but as to anything like plagiarism, the young author vindicates himself from the suspicion of such a thing, by informing us that he did not even peruse it until he had nearly completed the present work. But be that as it may, we have our doubts whether it would be worth the while of any aspiring young author to turn plagiarist even from "Dartmoor, a poem." A moor of any kind, is but a barren and bleak subject at the best; and truly it would require a poet of more imagination than Mr. Henry Sewell Stokes to make it interesting. Still, there are features in "the moorland waste," which in proper hands present images and carry associations highly poetical. But of these, the author of this poem has neither had the taste nor the power to avail himself; nor has he even told us one tale connected with moorland scenery, to carry interest through his long cantos. His poem is a mere vehicle for such common-place-developings—"an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted"—upon the wickedness of the world, as naturally occur to a young man of one or two and twenty, who has had, as is evident, no opportunity by means of the society of the intelligent, of correcting his own crude notions of humanity, picked up from scanty reading, and still more scanty experience.

We should not have troubled ourselves to say all this about Mr. Henry Sewell Stokes's poem, were we not willing to hope that, notwithstanding his maudlin and moralizing on the present occasion, he has right feeling, and a spice of real poetry in him; and that he may yet do something, either in prose or verse, pleasing or useful, when his mind has worked off the yeast of that inexperience which is so lamentably evident in the "Lay of the Desert;" for his poem is not without some tolerable verses, particularly in the first canto, such as

But why, O land of tors, and glens, and streams!
Why do I haunt thy desert loneliness?
To indulge my soul in antiquarian dreams
O'er cairns and ruin in their burial dells
Of moss,—impervious almost to a guess;
Upon my fancy's wild and airy steed,
Through backward centuries of time to press;
And, from the curbing bit of reason freed,
To bourn of old romance, the realm of shadows, speed!
Is't to indulge in correspondence strange,
With fay, and sprite, and demon of the blast,
The vacant mystics of the Ideal range,
Which poets will converse with to the last?
No;—to the winds such miscreations cast,
Nor think that when the phantom reign is o'er,
The reign of poetry will be past:
Off with such whimsies to the days of yore,
And give to Truth the throne which Fiction held before!

Not for the wild romance these scenes suggest,
Nor yet for antiquarian lore, am I
Alone amid these hoary crags in quest;
Neither a huntsman o'er the desert lie
In merry mood and glowing ecstasy;
Nor pensive, careless half, with net or line,
To roan the banks of dancing streamlets by,
And the gay glittering trout entrap,—mine;
My course to the Dartmoor no such pursuits incline.

The succeeding verses will help to explain what we have alluded to, as well as of what material the chief part of the poem is made. Our author, although not quite another Childe Harold, forewarns his readers that, like the lofty and gloomy *voyageur*, his own feelings and opinions are to form the staple of his performances, and this is his reason for going to the moors, not as young men were wont, with a gun and a pointer, or a rod and forty yards of running tackle; but with a blank book, and a blank look, and a little bottle of ink hanging at his button-hole. Oh, wicked generation, the very boys cry out against you—but let us hope this melancholy picture of Jeremiah Stokes, seated on a cold stone or a damp hillock, and writing Spenserian verses to reform you, will have its influence.

I to thee hie because my soul is sick—
Sick with mankind and their disgusting ways;
Although but lately kindled my life's wick,
And now but gathering into manhood's blaze,
Much hath it felt the world's foul, murky haze;—
Ay,—I have lived quite long enough to tell
That love, truth, virtue, in the world's wild maze,
Perish,—they cannot bide the boisterous swell—
Corruption's mighty surge,—that roars their funeral knell.

Well may this solemn gloom depict my thought,
This waste—the world, alas! more bare than this;
This sameness—that its nature changes not,
But ever obstinate in evil is:
As here some fair-contrasting oasis,
May now and then relieve the wild, worn eye.
So in the world some little spot of bliss
Occasional may beam of joy supply,
But ought to cheer the general aspect will deny.

However good, or however true this may be thought by the young and innocent, we, who have years of iniquity and experience upon us, cannot give our assent to it—and must positively dissent, when he adds further,

Hail, nurse of wounded spirits, Solitude!
'Tis thou canst "minister to a mind diseased;"
It is by thee, of sorrow's night-mare brood,
The labouring bosom is so often eased;
So oft that passion's frenzy is appeased;
That from the gnawing worm of discontent
The aching heart so often is released;
Physician thou, by pitying heaven sent,
To heal the sick, and to revive the almost spent.

This is contrary to the practice and opinions of the whole College. Neither Sir James Tuthill, nor Dr. Sutherland, nor Dr. Uwins, who may be presumed to know what best to do with "a mind diseased," ever prescribe solitude, unless the patient is in a very bad state indeed. On the contrary, if he be only a little "morbid" or "poetical," they recommend cheerful society, change of scene, and the conversation of those whose minds are in a more healthy state, and who shall reason them or laugh them out of their gloomy notions, according as they are able to bear the treatment, or as it seems to promise success.

Seriously, it is becoming a ridiculous fashion for young persons of either sex of reflective dispositions, and sensitive and serious minds, to take up melancholy and despairing notions about the world and its ways, and to set about declaiming against the vices of mankind, and the evils abounding in this present state of probation, before they have knowledge or experience sufficient to enable them to see the whole system fairly, and at a time of life, and in a disposition when they are by no means entitled to offer an opinion upon so complex and difficult a subject. It is in this state of mind and knowledge that Mr. Stokes sat down to write his poem, and he accordingly inveighs against the injustice of the world, and the hypocrisy of priests; the temporizing doctrine of expediency, which he calls "an idiot's dream," and thinks a very bad thing compared to straight-forward honesty and truth; against Dr. Southey, whom he laments over as an apostate; and Dr. Paley, whom he suspects to have had but little sincerity as a theologian, and less virtue as a philosopher; and in his notes to the cantos, has informed us all about Socrates, and Themistocles, and Galileo, and

Lord Bacon, and Mr. Canning, and other persons of whom the world never heard before, in the most condescending terms.

Mr. Stokes, or his friends, may modestly reply to all this, that Lord Byron has done the same sort of thing, and yet Lord Byron is highly praised all over the world. We grant it; and whenever Mr. Stokes shall rail against the world's evils in the same philosophic spirit, and impassioned bitterness, as that morbid poet, he will be praised too—not for his railing, but in spite of it; but truly, every young gentleman who goes to the moors is not a Lord Byron. But we desire to shake hands and part friends with Mr. Stokes. We repeat, therefore, that we believe him to be a young man of right feeling, and some talent; and we take leave of his work by quoting another pleasant stanza.

Hail, Morning! hail!—the infancy of day,
Young cherub smiles upon thy rosy lips,
Bright angel ringlets round thy temples play;
About thy path with wild and wanton quips,
Fawn-like, hilarity exulting skips;
And jocund Health, with blithe and ruddy face,
In merry dance on too elastic trips;
While Father Time seems pleased the growth to trace
Of his young child, the last of his unnumbered race.

The Life of Richard Bentley, D.D. By James Henry Monk, D.D., Dean of Peterborough. 4to. London, 1830. Rivingtons.

The name of Richard Bentley is a sure passport to the attention of every one at all interested in the literature of England, or of the world at large; and a work professing to give the life of such a man, bearing on its front the sanction of Dr. Monk, *laudantis viri laudati*, appears under no ordinary recommendations. Nor are our expectations disappointed; it is a work well arranged, ably and copiously executed, with a temper and feeling becoming an accomplished scholar.

Bentley was a giant in times when there were giants to be compared with, and among the front ranks of illustrious men, who cultivated the Greek tongue during the 18th century; though we see Dawes, and Markland, and Taylor, and Toup, and Tyrwhitt, and Porson, yet we have no hesitation in placing Bentley at the head of the line. Hitherto, the accounts of this learned man have been incorrect or partial; and it is on this account that Dr. Monk, with a laudable anxiety, has laboured to produce the present volume. He professes to remedy both these deficiencies, 1st, by furnishing more ample and well-attested details, and 2ndly, by laying open the errors and eccentricities, which perhaps attach in some degree to all men, but which, in the present instance forming so prominent a feature, ought not to be concealed. For thus, however, making the full truth his paramount object, Dr. Monk offers an apology, or at least an explanation;—but for this surely there was no need. Biography, even as matter of curiosity, should be complete and candid; and as proposing strong moral lessons, and models for imitation, it should represent the character exactly as it existed: else, biography loses its best charm and utility; and by denying the obligation to follow a man through the lights and shades of life, to go into the recesses of the heart and conduct, and to mark the relative connexion of principal and practice,—what is it but to sacrifice the fidelity of the landscape to the beauty of the picture; or, in a chart, to hide the rocks that caused a shipwreck, from motives of delicacy towards an incautious commander?

In the work before us, Dr. Monk rightly considers the life of any man, whose life is worth writing, to be the property of the public, and that it should be written upon the only principle by which the public can be either informed or benefited; and in this he has succeeded in a way worthy of his own high character. "He

has nothing extenuated, nor set down aught in malice." With a reverence which all liberal scholars feel for eminent predecessors, Bentley is held up to our admiration in the temple of learning, of which he was and is the solid ornament;—but nevertheless, says the author, "while I endeavour to do justice to Dr. Bentley, it is frequently necessary to exhibit his conduct in an unfavourable light, and such as reflects no credit upon his character, station, or profession;" and the knowledge of the facts, so far from giving offence, will enhance the work in the eyes of all those who are distrustful of Utopian pictures, and who feel comfort or encouragement from perceiving, that to err is human; and that though the erudition of Bentley may be beyond their reach, they may yet excel him in matters of perhaps more essential consequence.

But let us come to some account and analysis of the book itself. Richard Bentley was of the middling class of life—a class that, in the production of eminent men, has possessed in every age a wonderful means of compensation for a want of greater primary advantages. He began his career at a time when no macadamization, as it were, had taken place, as now, in the march to fame; which (without our deciding whether the modern change has conduced to the advancement of deep and real learning,) is certainly a great inducement for a man to enter upon it. Curious enough, he was taught Latin first by his mother. He was sent at an early age to St. John's, Cambridge; and here, another odd fact, the future critic and scholiast commenced as a poet; and we extract the following lines from a college poem on the Gunpowder Plot, as a specimen of the style in which he combines his wit and learning—it has marks of the poetical school of Cowley.

Such devilish deeds to Angli dole!
Such black designs on Albion!
Transmarine fruit: sure 't could not grow
From soil quite contrary, and people too.
He that its history doth tell,
Must not have gone but Harry's quill;
No Heliconian aid must wish,
But th' iron whip of Nemesis:
'Tis that must now make Pegasus to go,
And scorn St. Peter's church at Rome below.

Bentley had, through life, an unrivalled knowledge of poetical Latin measures. He took a degree corresponding to a third wrangler, though the system at that time afforded but an inadequate test of merit. At twenty years of age he was master of Spalding grammar-school, which he soon left to be tutor to Bishop Stillfleet's son, a situation which brought him many advantages of society, and the great literary aids of a London life. In 1689 he entered holy orders; and now, with a mind fraught with Theology, Hebrew, the Oriental languages, the criticism of the New Testament,—but above all, a perfect knowledge of the classics; and, having availed himself also of the manuscript treasures of the Bodleian Library, he began to evince the fruits of his mass of preparatory labours, and to take a definite rank in the republic of letters.

In speaking of his learned epistle to his friend Dr. Mill, principal of St. Edmund's Hall, Dr. Monk has the following, and, as it strikes us, pompous remark:—"Addressing his learned correspondent, he is not satisfied with marking their intimacy by the terms φίλη κεφαλή, *Millē jucundissime, suavissime*, &c.; but in one place he accosts him, ὦ Ἰωαννίδιον—an indecorum which neither the familiarity of friendship, nor the licence of a dead language, can justify towards the dignified head of a house."

This savours of an aristocratical spirit not quite worthy the great literary commonwealth. For our parts, we think the terms here blamed not only allowable, but amiable and affectionate; emanating from the brotherhood of talent, which merges the very often casual distinctions of the common-room and college, in the Lethean

water, so primitively drank by genius—and thus frequently forgets that Bacon was Lord Chancellor—Addison Secretary of State—and may hereafter admire the name of Monk, without knowing or caring whether he was the Dean of Peterborough or Bishop of Gloucester. "Dulce decus meum," was the public address of Horace to the minister of Augustus.

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum precordia ludit.
PERS. Sat. 1.

Upon the institution of the Boyle Lectures, preached annually in this metropolis in defence of Christianity, Bentley, though only a deacon, was, to his honour, appointed the lecturer of the first year.

"The manner," says Dr. Monk, "in which the lecturer discharged his office must have surpassed even the expectations of his patrons. The subject of his discourse was, 'A Confutation of Atheism.' It may be observed, that the doctrines of Spinoza and Hobbes had made considerable progress in that age among the higher classes of society, and were particularly dangerous from the insidious way in which they undermined all belief in natural and revealed religion. Both these writers professed indeed to acknowledge the existence of a God; but by denying the Divine Providence in the government of the world, and by representing the existence of the universe as the result of necessity, they conducted their disciples to the very depths of atheism."

And again—"Such was the auspicious commencement of *Boyle's Lecture*, an institution to which we owe some of the ablest theological pieces in our language; among them we may mention Clarke's 'Discourse on the Being and Attributes of God,' Newton's 'Dissertation on the Prophecies,' and Van Mildert's 'Historical Account of Infidelity;' but though Bentley has had these divines among his successors, as well as Gastrell, Bradford, Blackall, and Jortin, yet the reputation of the first essay has been eclipsed by none. The applause with which it was received was loud and universal."

In the relation of the elaborate and successful encounters in which Dr. Bentley "flattered these Volscian" assailants, an interesting allusion is made to some letters from his friend Sir Isaac Newton, giving him advice, of which he well availed himself, as to the mode of understanding and applying "the sublime discoveries of the Principia" to the great cause in hand;—and in one of these letters is this beautiful conclusion:—"When I wrote my treatise about our System, I had an eye upon such principles as might work with considering men for the belief of a Deity, and nothing can rejoice me more than to find it useful for that purpose. But if I have done the public any service this way, it is due to nothing but industry and patient thought."

This Dr. Monk calls "a disavowal on the part of Newton, of that intuitive genius, for which the world gave him credit:"—*verbally*, to be sure, it may be so,—but, in fact, it is conclusive neither one way nor the other:—it is a mere unassuming estimate of a man's own powers, never to be interpreted too strictly, and no further of value than as a beautiful specimen of the modesty of genius.

We arrive at another interesting circumstance in Bentley's life:—"In the midst of these honours and encouragements, Bentley became accidentally involved in that dispute, which constitutes so peculiar a feature in his biography, the controversy on the letters of Phalaris. As this piece of literary story is connected with the question then agitated upon the comparative merits of ancient and modern learning, it may not be disagreeable to the reader to have a short account of a discussion, which for several years occupied so large a share of public attention."

Then follows a minute account, drawn up in an impartial and scholarlike manner, but by far too long to be inserted here, and difficult to be divided.—The facts, in a few words, were these: Sir William Temple, a great name, began the warfare. "Among other arguments for the decay of human wit and learning, the Baronet had ventured an assertion, 'that the oldest books extant were still the best in their kind;' and adduced as his instances, what he believed to be the most ancient prose books written by profane authors, the Fables of Æsop and the Epistles of Phalaris."

This "monstrous" position Bentley undertook to deny and to disprove; and not only so, but to demonstrate that Phalaris and Æsop were spurious productions.

"On the publication of this work, the sensation," says Dr. Monk, "in the literary and academical circles, was without example." All Christ Church was in a ferment, and up in arms; joint answers were prepared to drive Bentley for ever from the fields of criticism: the whole élite of the University were engaged; Atterbury, and Smalridge, and Friend, and Alsop,—all young and eager for battle, and all subsequently ornaments of their age and country. Even Swift must needs come forth to defend his patron, and in his Tale of a Tub, and Battle of the Books, tried to "soothe the mortified feelings of Sir W. Temple by sacrificing to eternal ridicule the objects of his resentment."

But all would not do. Bentley was neither discouraged nor discomfited. Of his production, Dr. Monk says:—"The appearance of this work is to be considered an epoch not only in the life of Bentley, but in the history of literature. The victory obtained over his opponents, although the most complete that can be imagined, constitutes but a small part of the merits of this performance. Such is the author's address, that while every page is professedly controversial, there is embodied in the work a quantity of accurate information relative to history, chronology, antiquities, philology, and criticism, which it would be difficult to match in any other volume. * * * So well sustained is the learning, the wit, and the spirit of this production, that it is not possible to select particular parts as objects of admiration, without committing a sort of injustice to the rest. And the book itself will continue to be in the hands of all educated persons, as long as literature maintains its station in society."

We shall conclude our present remarks with a specimen of Bentley's wit and address:—"I have endeavoured to take Mr. Boyle's advice, and to avoid all ridicule, where it was possible to avoid it: and if ever 'that odd work of his' has irresistibly moved me to a little jest and laughter, I am content that what is the greatest virtue of *his* book should be counted the greatest fault of *mine*."

The English at Home. By the Author of "The English in Italy," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. London, 1830. Colburn & Bentley.

THIS work contains several tales, of which the first, entitled *Birth*, occupies two volumes.

It is a story of deep power and interest, sketched by one well acquainted with the course of the world, and with the characters that throng its various walks of business and pleasure. The author, however, is not merely a man of close and faithful habits of observation: he has imagination and eloquence; and these high gifts are tempered by the still more valuable endowments of good sense and benevolence. We shall attempt an outline of this story.

Willoughby, the hero of the tale, is the natural son of Lord Ratoath; he is educated in obscurity—acknowledged by his father at the age of seventeen—elevated to the rank of his

father's companion for the four succeeding years—and then introduced into the world of politics and fashion. Lord Ratoath had in early life been eccentric, and to the last acted on some theories, of which the soundness was more than questionable. He was, however, a man of generous feelings—a man who knew the world—the *old* world, at least; and from the time at which he is first introduced to us, he lives but to secure the advancement of his son. Willoughby's *début* on the stage of fashion, proves, by accident, a brilliant one. He makes the acquaintance of Fitz-Erne, a *parvenu*, who has fought his way to political distinction by dint of talent,—a man of honour, but morbidly sensitive on the subject of his humble origin. Willoughby, from the same cause, soon learns to cherish the same feelings. They both love Louisa Creswell, a young lady of rank and fortune. She at first likes Fitz-Erne, but the severity of his manner awes her. She then transfers her partiality to Willoughby, but through the malicious suggestions of a Mrs. Sherwin, a friend of the family, with whom she lived, Miss Creswell becomes ashamed of the mean origin of both her admirers, and finally marries Mr. Osbaldistone, a commercial man of large fortune.

Willoughby and Fitz-Erne are betrayed into a misunderstanding of the motives and conduct of each other in this love affair, and a challenge is the consequence. The duel, however, is prevented by the interposition of a Major Gray, a gruff old gentleman, whose sympathies are enlisted on the side of Willoughby, and who, after insulting Fitz-Erne, exchanges shots with him. Fitz-Erne is wounded and carried to Major Gray's cottage. Willoughby follows, and recognizes in the Major's daughter, a young lady, whom he had overheard as a suppliant for her father with Lord Ratoath, and whose necessities, when the old lord proved inexorable, he had contrived to relieve by a delicate fraud. The girl entertains an evident fondness for our hero, but he is chilled by the want of refinement that marks her manners, and those of all the members of the family. In compliance with his father's request, Willoughby goes abroad, and endeavours to forget his first love in devotion to some of the fascinating *belles* of Paris. The attempt is fruitless; and he returns to England to take part in the political struggle to which Mr. Canning's elevation to the premiership led. He becomes distinguished along with his friend Fitz-Erne. The world smiles upon him, and Fortune seems to promise to minister to his gratification.

In the meantime his father feels his end approaching, but in making preparations to secure Willoughby's independence, he discovers that the entail of his property to a half-brother, was too strict to be broken. That brother was Major Gray, and Lord Ratoath is anxious to secure wealth to his favourite, by uniting him to his niece. To this arrangement Major Gray was not at all averse, but the pride of Willoughby shrank from the compromise. He admired Miss Gray's beauty and simplicity, but still she seemed to him to want the high polish which he prized. He flew back to the world of politics, but from that he was soon destined to be shut out by the death of Canning. Fitz-Erne and he are from that moment disappointed men. Willoughby becomes almost an inmate in the house of the husband of his first love; and a very dangerous sort of friendship springs up between them. In the meantime the Grays make their appearance in the world of fashion, and again make advances to our hero, which he, in a very silly spirit of fastidiousness, rejects. His prospects become gradually narrower, his principles lose their high tone, and he bethinks him of retreating to France, with his friend Osbaldistone's wife. The lady, after some struggles, consents to accompany him.

Just then he learns that Miss Gray is about to marry the Marquis of Ancram, a nobleman of the highest honour and talents; and Major Gray once more tenders his friendship, and offers to replace him in parliament, but is repulsed with something like disdain. Our hero repairs to the place of assignation, and meets Mrs. Osbaldistone, but only to be driven from her presence. Her husband had become a bankrupt—her sense of duty was awakened by that unforeseen misfortune. She refuses to leave him, and orders Willoughby to quit her sight for ever. All his prospects are now blasted. Without a profession, without habits of honourable industry, he becomes a mere man of the town—a selfish voluptuary. Fitz-Erne, a sterner, and in some respects, a nobler spirit, disappointed like his friend, in ambition and in love, wanders abroad and there commits suicide.

This bald abstract of the story will, we regret, convey to the reader but a poor idea of the interest with which he is beguiled onwards in the work itself, or of the beauties that are scattered in his path. There is too, throughout, a spirit of truth in its sketches of character, and of wisdom in its commentaries on life, which cannot fail to recommend these volumes to the admiration of every reader. Mary Gray is a portrait at once natural and beautiful; and the story of Fitz-Erne's attachment to the actress is exquisite in all its parts. Mrs. Sherwin, again, is a copy from the living world, of a different stamp, but of equal merit with the others: while Fitz-Erne and Willoughby themselves are the creations of a master-hand.

We give, as a specimen of the author's style, Willoughby's first introduction to fashionable life:—"Fitz-Erne fastened on him as they left the room, and withheld him from hastening with the rest to pay his devoirs to coffee and her Ladyship. He stopped opposite some relic of ancient art or specimen of modern ditto, that occupied a niche in the gallery or corridor they were traversing, and under pretence of pointing out its beauties or particularities, he addressed Willoughby thus:—

"Young gentleman, I perceive that you labour under the same disadvantage which I myself did, and which, I promise ye, was an easterly wind in my teeth; viz. your never having served your apprenticeship to British notoriety and fashion. You have never seen Eton spire, nor fagged at Winchester or Westminster. Neither Trinity nor Christ Church know ye. You are a Parria, a lost man, unless, indeed, you have a store of impudence to draw on. Upon my life and soul, I am interested for you!"

"Willoughby thought this to be some such quiz in mystification as he had been led to expect, and be prepared for, in the metropolis. But the earnestness, the Irish earnestness of the speaker, claimed credit with him for sincerity, and gained it. 'I am obliged, Sir,' said Ernest, 'and might feel more so could I comprehend what you mean or aim at.'

"Fitz-Erne, flung somewhat aback by the cold precision of the reply, seemed to debate an instant with himself, whether he should pass on and leave matters as they were. 'But no!' thought he, and his gesture spoke the thought,—"I'll not abandon him."

"This present hour is that of your first entry into life?" asked Fitz-Erne.

"It truly may be called so."

"And know you not, that the position taken at that moment is to be kept ever after? That your character, your social rank, as far as personal qualities bestow it, are then stamped and fixed; and that the attempt to alter it after is to struggle against a stream?"

"Well, that may be true."

"And if true, pray where are you? You have appeared on the stage and said nought.

Your *début* is a failure. You're damned, Sir; pardon me."

"You speak but truth; I was myself making the self-same reflection."

"And were about to go home and mope about it. Come, Sir, you have half an hour yet allowed you to retrieve all. I hate these University fops, and will aid you. My countenance, together with that thimblefull of Madeira, has quickened your animal spirits. You have failed as an intellectual; make all up as a gallant. Let the crisis, the necessity excite you; and see you do not stop the vein by calculation or silence; give vent to all extravagance; rattle on; leave their fashionable apathy to those gentry; the women will forgive even the vulgarity that enlivens and flatters them."

"With either these words, or words to their effect, Fitz-Erne led the way. The male portion of the guests were on their legs, circulating amongst each other, and around the seated fair, addressing to each some three or four sentences, which seemed to exhaust the small charge of their conversation, for each yielded place after the exertion to another; and thus all monopoly of attention, or affectation of intimacy was avoided, to the manifest insipidity however of the party."

"Mr. Fitz-Erne did not consider himself bound by these by-laws. He approached the Ladies Jane and Emma with some gay remark; Willoughby, drawn as if in his wake, similarly addressed Miss Creswell. The two former ladies were cold at first, chill and stately, as rank itself in the presence of a *parvenu*. But Fitz-Erne's breath was sunshine to the fair icicles, melting their hearts to softness, while it lit up their countenances with smiles. The trifles which he uttered might seem trifling, and no more, in print, but in reality and life they were fraught with buoyancy, spirit, and wit, the utterer not only making manifest those qualities in his own discourse, but communicating them to his colloquists. Willoughby and Miss Creswell were adroitly drawn in to join in the converse: and this soon became a little vortex, so interesting and piquant did it prove, towards and around which the other guests were gradually attracted. Thus having constituted their little knot the centre of attention, Fitz-Erne, as if by the occult power of magic, communicated to Willoughby his own flow of spirits, vein of humour, and the brilliant play of his imagination. The youth caught it like an electric fluid, and poured it forth even in more abundance and exaggeration. He eclipsed even Fitz-Erne, who stood smiling and enjoying his success. Many times did an envious puppy drawl an interruption, meant, and not ill-calculated to produce torpor. But Willoughby, for the moment, had, as the French say, *le diable au corps*, and he turned a sneer, or sent back a repartee with an ease and a power that even then surprised him. When none could overcome, and all shrink before him, they applied unction to their wounded vanity in divers remarks, such as, 'The boy is mad!'—"Oh! he's a poet!"—"His father was an extravagant fellow," quoth another, 'who was compelled to leave England for divers reasons; he brought up his son at a German University, and here is the wild Burschen, come to show off his powers of vulgar excitement. Yet, I'll be bound to say, he shall have success. Any mountebank takes in London. "Any strange beast there makes a man," as Trinculo says.'

"The guests now disappeared one by one, Lord Ratoath, and Fitz-Erne, and Willoughby amongst the rest: the latter, in making his adieux, which, being comparatively a stranger, he did more formally than the rest, could remark how changed was the flattering salutation that dismissed him, from the welcome, however smiling, that he had at first received. Henry Stapylton shook his hand with considerable

warmth, and, in short, all shone upon him, the countenances of the young ladies being not the least radiant of the family.

"As to Willoughby himself, at the moment, he thought 'it were an easy leap to pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon.' His father was scarcely less delighted, attributing his son's success to the peculiar excellence of his lessons of private education. So his Lordship told Fitz-Erne, as the three walked down Jermyn-street together, and that gentleman did not dissent.

"You must repeat this effort once more, Mr Willoughby," said Fitz-Erne.

"By all means," joined in Lord Ratoath, 'it must be followed up.'

"And after this, once more you had best seek an opportunity of being dull."

"That won't be difficult," quoth Ernest.

"Nay, but it must not be ordinary dullness. It must be the dullness of exhaustion, the dullness of pig-lead. Then, depend upon it, your character for brilliancy and wit will be cried up. Talents of any kind are never considered genuine, till they are found to be strongly mingled with caprice. Good night to ye!" i. 54—61.

Of the other stories we may observe, that "The Brocks" is good, but unequal. "Earsham" is a failure. The "Monte B. Papers" indicate great sagacity, and will be perused with pleasure. They are comments on English character and institutions, professedly by a Frenchman. The plan is not a novel one; but the author turns it, in the instance before us, to very good account. We cannot, however, trust ourselves with any enunciation of what appears to him odd or indefensible among the peculiarities of which he treats: but we invite our readers to participate in the pleasure which the perusal of these volumes has imparted to us.

A Narrative, by John Ashburnham, of his Attendance on King Charles the First from Oxford to the Scotch Army, and from Hampton Court to the Isle of Wight: never before printed. To which is prefixed a Vindication of his Character and Conduct from the Misrepresentations of Lord Clarendon. By his lineal Descendant and present Representative. London, 1830. Payne & Foss.

[Second Notice.]

LORD Clarendon alleges that Charles had not the slightest intention of proceeding to the Isle of Wight when he departed from Hampton Court, and there is certainly nothing in any of the three letters which His Majesty left behind him, that can furnish a clue to his private resolutions or purposes. The Monarch, indeed, at this season of his ill-fated career, seems to have largely participated in the temporary infatuation and indecision of his followers. Even when, at a subsequent period, he was earnestly urged by the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Lindsay and Colonel Cooke to attempt an escape from Carisbrooke Castle, which might then, according to Cooke, have been easily effected, his Majesty said, "Nay, what if the army should seize him? They must preserve him for their own sakes; for that no party could secure its own interest without him." The Earl of Lindsay replied, "Take heed, Sir, lest you fall into such hands as will not steer by such rules of policy. Remember Hampton Court, where your escape was your best security."

Whatever of truth there may be in this opinion of his adherent, the flight of the King was undoubtedly far from being disagreeable to his enemies. "The parliament," says Lord Ashburnham, "could not be displeased at the King's having escaped out of the hands of the army: nor the principal officers at his having placed himself out of the reach of assassination by the infuriated agitators; least of all could Crom-

well." In truth, that subtle politician, it has been generally supposed, was the person who secretly instigated his Majesty's evasion; and it has even been farther contended that Hammond was employed by him to seize and imprison the royal fugitive at the Isle of Wight. The latter of these notions, however, is zealously combated, and, we think, with perfect success, by the Earl of Ashburnham; but of the former he is inclined to entertain a totally different opinion. "There is much reason to conclude," he says, "that the King's flight from Hampton Court was originally projected and designed by Cromwell; and that it was effected with his cognizance and connivance, and even co-operation, there can be no doubt.

Lord Clarendon says,—“The King every day received little billets or letters secretly conveyed to him without any name, which advertised him of wicked designs upon his life; and some of them advised him to make an escape.” But the noble historian is too intent on arguing the possibility, that one of these “might have been the minutes of a discourse, which Mr. Ashburnham might have kept by him,” to bestow his pains on tracing any of them to the source from which it is probable they were all derived; and thus establishing a really important certainty. In one instance the fact is clearly and incontrovertibly proved. Colonel Whalley, in his letter to the Speaker, writes,—“And whereas Mr. Speaker, you demand of me what that letter was that I showed the king the day before he went away, the letter I shall show you; but with your leave, I shall first acquaint you with the author, and the ground of my showing it to the King. The author is lieutenant-general Cromwell. The ground of my showing it was this: the letter intimates some murderous design, or at least some fear of it, against his Majesty.” For what other purpose could this warning be given to the unarmed, defenceless, and unprotected monarch, than to urge him to a precipitate flight?

The noble Editor states, as follows, what he conceives to have been Cromwell's reasons for such a proceeding:—“He had by this time fully ascertained that, however he might still ‘ride in the whirlwind,’ he could not yet ‘direct the storm’ of his own raising. At Hampton Court the King was not only surrounded by loyalists, but in correspondence with the Queen. He was accessible alike to the parliament, to the presbyterians of the city; to the Scotch commissioners; and to the officers of the army; ‘some of whom’ (Mrs. Hutchinson affirms that) ‘the King had gained over to him;’ for instance Major Huntington, particularly noticed by Lord Clarendon; who also says, that ‘Ashburnham and Berkeley received many advertisements from some,—who would have been glad, that the King might have been restored by the army, for the preferences which might fall to their share.’ He knew further the King's avowed conviction, that to each of the two contending principal parties, the parliament and the army, he was more necessary, than either of them were to him. But there was yet another sect, far more formidable to Cromwell, by whom it had been formed for the subjection or annihilation of all the above-mentioned factions, whose jealousy and mistrust he had most reason to dread, and which he had most incurred—the levellers, or agitators. Never, surely, did the heathen so furiously rage against the pretended prototypes of these ultra-puritanical saints, as they did against the arch-hypocrite, on finding themselves the dupes of his artifice, and the tools of his ambition: some threatening him with impeachment; others with the forfeiture of his life by a more summary process. A situation so perilous required the application of all the talents with which the versatile and energetic character of Cromwell was so largely gifted. Stubborn as the oak, yet

flexible as the reed, he knew how best to avail himself of either quality; when to maintain his ground, or when to give way; to advance, or to retreat;—

‘Et properare loco, et cessare.’

Hence there were three points which it was necessary for him to secure. The first, to remove from him the suspicions already existing; the second, to prevent all recurrence of them; and the third, to preclude the intrigues of his adversaries from that success, which his own had failed to obtain. In the first instance he had recourse to his customary wiles. * * * The two latter points could only be gained by getting rid of the King altogether; to accomplish which the alternative alone presented itself—either assassination or expatriation. Of these, the former was contrary certainly to his interest, and as there is reason to presume, to his nature. * * * Nothing, therefore, remained to choose but the other alternative, namely, that of allowing the poor King to escape and of persuading him to adopt the necessary steps required for this imaginary deliverance of his own accord.

We have now arrived at the point where John Ashburnham's narrative commences. It opens with an anxious vindication of his fame, from the calumnies of Lord John Berkeley, and other enemies, whom he does not name, and he states he had undertaken this “faithful discourse” for the information of his posterity, “to settle their judgment of my integrity to his Majesty, and prevent the irreverence which otherwise may perhaps not only be paid by them to my memory, but give them cause (taking loose reports for granted truths,) to loath themselves for being branches of so unworthy and so wicked a stock.”

He next proceeds to inform his readers that when Oxford was besieged, “it was judged necessary, by all considering men, (as well for the advantage of that faithful remnant within that place, as for his Majesty's safety,) that his sacred person should not be liable to the success of an assault, (for conditions or treaties seemed vain to be expected where the King was,) but that some expedient should be found by escape from thence to save his life;” and after many projects and places of retreat had been proposed and rejected, it was at length determined that he should place himself in the hands of the Scotch army at that time lying before Newark. The management of this expedition was committed, by his Majesty, to our author, who considered it a high distinction, and acquitted himself of his trust with considerable adroitness.

“After nine days’ travel upon the way,” he says, “and in that time having passed through fourteen guards and garrisons of the enemies, we arrived safe at the Scots army before Newark; where, being come, his Majesty thought the most proper place for his reception, by the General and Scots Commissioners, would be the house of the French agent, that all circumstances belonging to the treaty, between his Majesty, the crown of France, and the kingdom of Scotland, might be adjusted. Many lords came instantly to wait on his Majesty with professions of joy to find that he had so far honoured their army, as to think it worthy his presence after so long an opposition. Some of them desiring to know wherein they might best express their gratitude for the great confidence he had in them;—his Majesty replied, ‘that he should be well satisfied, for the hazards he had run to get to them, if they would cheerfully apply themselves to perform the conditions upon which he came unto them.’ The Lord Lowthian (as his Majesty was pleased to inform me) seemed to be surprised with the word *conditions*, and affirmed that he had never been privy to anything of that nature; nor did he believe that any of the Commissioners residing in the army had any more knowledge of that treaty than himself. Whereupon his Majesty desired the French agent to sum up his instructions from the crown of France; and to make a narrative of his negotiations thereupon with the Scots Commissioners residing in London, which when he had done, some of the lords did assure his Majesty, that

they were altogether ignorant of those particulars, and that therefore the treaty being with their Commissioners at London, and they being a distinct body of themselves, could not be responsible, or any way concerned therein. His Majesty then demanded how he came to be invited thither, and what reason they had to send him word that all differences were reconciled, and that David Lesley was to have met him with a party of horse. They answered that it was very true, for they approved well of his Majesty's confidence in them, believing that the end of his honouring their army with his residence, was only to have made that the place where he intended to settle a peace with his two kingdoms;—in short, such was the indisposition of the Earl of Lowthian towards his Majesty, as he (being president of that council and of good credit among them,) would never suffer any discourse to be made to his Majesty, other than the taking of the Covenant, and subscribing all the nineteen propositions for the satisfaction of both kingdoms;—things that, as they were most distant from his Majesty's resolution, being most averse to his conscience and honour, so they were most unexpected from persons so highly favoured by the great adventures he had undergone for them.

“To this usage they presently added restraint to his person, setting strict guards upon him, and grew in all things so rigid and severe, as to me there seemed little distinction (either in discourse or any part of the entertainment,) between his Majesty and his subjects—so that from these proceedings the King did plainly discover that they intended to evade all performance of conditions upon the treaty, by their not being privy to what those Commissioners at London had done. Whereas, I am persuaded nothing was ever more exactly managed than the intelligence of all passages in that treaty between the Commissioners at London and those residing in the army; and the better to justify that belief, (though I suppose there will scarce be found any so ignorant as to think they did not freely communicate all things that related to a business of that vast consideration,) I do well remember, that in one of Montreuil's letters to the King, (dated from the Scots army, and which his Majesty received before his going from Oxford,) there was this expression—‘That he was confident all things would now have a happy conclusion; for that the Chancellor of Scotland (Chief Commissioner at London) had given a meeting (about Northampton) to the Commissioners of the army, and had fully satisfied them in all particulars of the treaty—a thing truly forgot to be urged by his Majesty, and so the use thereof lost; though perhaps no other could have been made of it, but the improvement of their shame, and raising the horridness of their story to a greater height of infamy, who were absolutely resolved to make the best market of the prize got into their hands.’

That such was ultimately their conduct, our readers do not require to be informed. The persons of the King and of Ashburnham were demanded of the Scots, on the part of the Parliament, by the English Commissioners, and while Ashburnham succeeded in escaping into Holland, and from thence into France, Charles was, after much harsh treatment, seized at Holmby “by some of the army without order of Parliament;” and he again commanded the attendance of his faithful follower, who accordingly obtained a protection from Lord Fairfax to return into England. Our author was obliged by Colonel Whalley, before he was admitted to wait on his sovereign, to pledge his faith and honour that “his Majesty should not depart, by his contrivance, out of their hands without their privacy.”

As serious differences had just then broken out between the Parliament and the army, the latter were most anxious to conciliate the royal *détaché*, and made several proposals to the effect of uniting their interests with his: but when the contending factions became reconciled through the submission of the civil power, the military soon cooled in their zeal for his Majesty's service, and, under the pretence that he had abetted and fomented their adversaries, he was placed under a rigorous confinement, first at Oatlands, and subsequently at Hampton Court. There a

new and endless series of negotiations and hollow overtures were entered upon, until Charles, wearied with aummery that became daily more apparent, and alarmed, as we have already stated, by the secret communications of Cromwell, determined on attempting to effect an escape from his persecutors. Ashburnham was accordingly commanded to seek some pretext for withdrawing the parole which he had formerly given to Colonel Whalley; but he used such "plain language in the discharge of this duty," that he was the "next day dismissed from his attendance upon the King; and the guards being placed that night so near his Majesty's chamber that they disturbed his repose, he complained to Colonel Whalley of that rudeness, and told him that his word should no longer oblige him to continue with them, for where his word was given, there ought to be no guards about him. Not many days after, Mr. Legg came to me from his Majesty, (for he only was permitted to continue still near him,) and told me that his Majesty was resolved to escape from Hampton Court, and commanded me to contrive it for him; to which I did most readily submit, and promised to do my duty therein; but desired to know whither he intended to go: he replied his Majesty left that thought to me. I told him that was too hard a burden for me to undertake; but if he would get the King's consent to impart it to Sir John Berkeley, we would offer him our opinions next morning. Mr. Legg told me it was his Majesty's positive pleasure that Sir John Berkeley should not be acquainted with his escape. Yet in regard he was sent over by the Queen, and that I was very doubtful of my own judgment in so weighty a matter, and for that he was so constantly with me, that I could not well avoid him, I did (very presumptuously, I confess,) send the King word that he ought to have the knowledge of that business, and I would be responsible for him. Mr. Legg came to know what our sense was upon his Majesty's remove. I did again ask him whether the King had yet thought of any place to go to. He told us that he inclined to go beyond the seas, and for his part, he supposed Jersey a proper place for him."

From this project he was earnestly dissuaded by Ashburnham, both on account of the difficulty of procuring a vessel to transport him, and from the dispiriting effect it would produce upon his party at home: and Sir John Oglander's house in the Isle of Wight having been suggested by our author as a fit place for concealment, it was finally determined that the royal party should bend their course thitherwards. Clarendon's statement, therefore, that "Mr. Ashburnham constantly denied his ever having had any thought of the Isle of Wight, when the King left Hampton Court," is not only erroneous, but savours extremely, we are sorry to say, of intentional misrepresentation; for the narrative before us had been submitted to his lordship's perusal in MS., and he professes to have read it with attention, and conferred with its writer "at large."

Our author's reasons for selecting this island as a place of temporary retreat, are thus given by himself:—

"Mr. Legg returned to us, and commanded us from his Majesty to propose some other place for him to go to, for he was resolved to stay no longer at Hampton Court. I did then,—(calling to mind that Colonel Hammond had said to me some few days before, meeting him upon the road to London, that 'he was going down to his government, because he found the army was resolved to break all promises with the King; and that he would have nothing to do with such perfidious actions;'—as likewise what had passed between the King and the Scots Commissioners, and between me and Sir John Berkeley, in their dissent from his Majesty's going to London.)—unfortunately—in regard of the success, not of the ill choice of the place—offer

to their thoughts Sir John Oglander's house in the Isle of Wight, where his Majesty might continue concealed till he had gained the experience of the governor's inclinations to serve him; which, if good, that place would secure him certainly from the fears of any private conspiracy of the agitators at Putney (the principal end of his remove), there being then no soldiers of the army in that island; keep intelligence with the army, if by any accident they should resume their desires of serving him—(his flight from them being liable to no other interpretations than to save his life)—hold up the drooping hearts of his own party—give opportunity to the Scots, or the houses of parliament (both being then highly in opposition to the army,) to make some further application to his Majesty, and be more in readiness there, than in any other part of the kingdom, to receive advantage by the fleet, if at any time the seamen should return to their duties. But if no conditions could be had from the governor, his Majesty would be then close by the water-side, and might (when there should be no argument left for his stay) take boat, and dispose of his person into what part beyond the seas he pleased."

These views of the case were readily adopted by the King, and acted upon with all the expedition which the urgency of circumstances demanded. He evaded his guards on the night of the 11th of November (not the 10th, as Clarendon erroneously states), and next morning had reached the Earl of Southampton's residence at Titchfield, attended by Ashburnham, Sir John Berkeley, and Mr. Legg. Here Charles expressed a desire to ascertain the sentiments of the Governor of the island in regard to him before he proceeded any farther; and our author and Sir John Berkeley were accordingly dispatched to wait upon Colonel Hammond, and to learn what conditions they might hope for. This officer assured them "that since it appeared his Majesty came from Hampton Court to save his life, if he pleased to put himself into his hands, whatever he could expect from a person of honour or honesty, his Majesty should have it made good by him." With what fidelity this promise was observed, is known to every student of our history. The Governor returned with them to the mansion of Lord Southampton, and Charles entered into a bondage, from which he was only released by the axe of the executioner.

Various attempts were subsequently planned by our author, to effect the deliverance of his beloved master, one of which is worthy of quotation, as it is the only instance in which the Queen co-operated to facilitate her husband's release:—

"To the way of his escape, I desired his Majesty to write to the Queen to send with all speed a French vessel to Southampton with some native commodities of that country, with directions to the master to obey my orders, which was discreetly performed; and all other things necessary to that work being prepared and adjusted, I told his Majesty if he pleased to go, I did not doubt but carry him away without interruption. The King with great joy rose to the window to see how the wind stood by the vane, and finding it perfectly fair, made all haste to draw on his boots (for he had liberty then to ride abroad), and, being ready to go out of his chamber, he turned again to look upon the vane, when so fatal a mischief did attend him, as it was changed at that instant clean contrary, and continued so for six days together, so as the bark could not stir; at the end of which time Commissioners were sent from the parliament to his Majesty to gain his consent to the four bills, against which the Scots Commissioners (being likewise present) did make a public protestation, and privately made new offers to the King, with strong reasons to persuade him to accept them."

Ashburnham, after watching upon the sea-shore, along with Mr. Legg and Mr. Levett, during almost a quarter of a year, in the vain hope that their sovereign might succeed in effecting his evasion, were at length taken prisoners and carried to Arundel, Warwick, and Wallingford Castles, "from one of which [says our

author] I was (by his Majesty's great favour in writing to those honourable and faithful persons in Colchester, and by their submission to his Majesty's pleasure and friendly inclinations towards me,) exchanged for Sir William Massam, but, with this condition, that I should depart the kingdom in two months, and in the meantime to continue at my house in Sussex, and not to come nearer London." This sentence was afterwards so far commuted, as to allow of his paying a heavy fine upon his possessions, and remaining within the kingdom.

Such is the substance of John Ashburnham's statement. The narrative is characterized by Bishop Warburton as being "very poorly written," and certainly there is but little in its composition alone, that would entitle it to more than a cursory regard. It derives its entire value from its matter and not from its manner; and from throwing much light on a portion of history which has hitherto been involved in unusual obscurity. For those who are curious in such matters, it may be proper to add that "the original rough draught of it in Ashburnham's own hand-writing is yet preserved; of which, in different places, perhaps nearly a fourth part has been blotted out. It is in quarto, and bound in a plain leather cover."

The Templars. An historical novel. 3 vols. post 8vo. London, 1830. Whittaker & Co.

WE gave some account of this novel in our last, and now add a short extract to illustrate our observations. Our readers will recollect, that the templar hero, Dudley Ayrtton, becomes a Major of Dragoons, and that the chief bustle of the story takes place among scenes of war in Ireland during the Rebellion. The following sketch of him and his party, in company with a Captain Melmoth, falling into an ambuscade by the treachery of a guide is in the author's best style:—

"They were now winding down the base of the descent, which had gradually brought them into the centre of the valley. Its former features still continued, though the abruptly rising banks were here rendered more precipitous, either by art, or the slow hand of time and some mountain stream, which had formed a path through the solid rock, and left a natural wall on either side, from whence the thickly-studded trees almost shut out the sun's rays; nor did the disjointed, treacherous stones, which alone formed their track, at all subtract from the repulsiveness of the look-out; a repulsiveness, which at length even Dudley acknowledged, as more than once he almost fancied that he saw moving objects in the thick foliage above him: but he discarded the imagination as weakness, and pushed forward more perversely than ever, neither sparing his execrations at each obstruction to his quicker progress on the road itself, nor his manifold assurances of prompt punishment to the ill-starred guide, whose sullen apathy so continually added to his anger, unless he speedily brought him out of it to the path which he had described.

"Another mile had been thus scrambled over—Dudley's impatience thought it a dozen—when he again pulled up, as well to breathe his horse, as for further scrutiny.

"Did not the fellow say, half a mile?" was his inquiry from the man, who walked on the other side of the guide.

"He did, Sir," was the reply.

"We have already come ten times the distance," rejoined the perplexed Major, "and I see no better signs of any cross-road. On his peril bid him point it out."

"The demand was soon passed.

"At the next turning to the right, Sir," was the result, pointing to an angle in the road at not many yards distance.

"Dudley spurred his horse on, careless of its maintaining its footing, at the same time commanding the troop to halt, until he had individually explored the way, and proved the correctness of the guide's information."

"He had soon reached the spot pointed out, but the promised path nowhere appeared; and incensed in the highest degree at the fellow's ignorance or designed error, and, for the first time apprehensive of treachery, he passionately commanded him to be brought up to him, and presenting his pistol to his breast, sternly called out—

"The road, villain, or instant death!"

"The man slowly raised his head, and gazed earnestly in Dudley's face—their eyes met—Dudley had not cared to look at him before—it was the work of a moment—but a sudden consciousness flashed across his brain—astonishment unnerved him.

"Dudley Ayrton," said a low, deep voice, which, for the instant, caused his very blood to shrink back, and paralyzed his frame;—it was but for an instant; but ere the next pulse had beat, the speaker had dropped down between the two horses, and passing underneath that on which Dudley rode, disappeared in the thicket, safe from his agitated and ill-directed fire.

"Dudley knew not, thought not, what result to look for from this sudden escape; his wonted presence of mind, which scarcely ever failed him, was now gone, and he remained transfixed in astonishment and perplexity.

"The next moment Captain Melmoth, who looked more calmly at their situation, and whose view of its danger was such as to cause him to pass over the Major's recent peevishness, was at his side.

"We are nicely fixed, Ayrton," he exclaimed, in an earnest tone; "I fear we can neither fight, nor run away."

"And my cursed folly has brought us into the mess!" Dudley spoke as one wild with agitation—"But not a moment must be lost—instantly back, Melmoth."

"Melmoth turned his horse, and was in the act of giving the command to retreat, when, as if the whole ravine teemed with fire, a murderous slaughter peeled from every bush, and one third of the party were struck to the ground.

"One groan of agony burst from the dying—one fearful cry of despair from the amazed survivors, as, seeing the impossibility of defence, or even a chance of escape, they shuddered at their coming doom—one yell of exultation and savage triumph from the hidden foe—and all was again silent." iii. 23—8.

The incidents in the "Templars" are dramatically conceived, and many of them are handled with a spirit which carry the lover of fiction forward agreeably. But the author is much less successful in drawing character than in the management of incident, and is evidently very inexperienced as a writer. "The Templars" will be much better liked by youthful novel readers, than by the critics.

Illustrations of the Anglo-French Coinage: taken from the Cabinet of a Fellow of the Antiquarian Societies of London and Scotland; of the Royal Societies of France, Normandy, and many others, British as well as Foreign. 4^{to}. London, 1830. Hearne.

HERE is a banquet for numismatists. The author has taken up an obscure but proud period of English history—that, from the accession of the second Henry to the Duchy of Aquitaine, by his marriage with Eleanor, the divorced wife of Louis le Jeune, till our expulsion from our transmarine possessions in the middle of the fifteenth century, a period of about three hundred years. Much was wanting in

illustration of the coinage of that age, and a great deal has been here done to supply the deficiency, by a person fully competent to the arduous task. The collection which this work is intended to illustrate, is (with the exception of one or two coins from the Cabinet du Roi, at Paris, and from the British Museum, which he describes,) the result of unceasing researches in the remote, as well as more frequented, parts of the former Anglo-French provinces—in some places so much out of the usual haunts of his migratory countrymen, that he enjoyed the rather troublesome distinction of being the first Briton seen there within the memory of man;—nay, from the crowds of boys and girls, and men and women, that followed his steps wherever he went, like the tail of a Highland chief, he suspected that he was possibly the first, since the unfortunate battle of Castillone, in 1454, separated these countries for ever from the dominion of England.

The collection of coins and medals in the British Museum, is certainly one of the finest in Europe; it was formed from the united cabinets of Sir Hans Sloane, and Sir Robert Cotton, greatly enriched, however, by many subsequent valuable donations and purchases, particularly that of the celebrated collection of the Rev. C. M. Cracherode; yet, when compared with the cabinet of our author it is certainly greatly deficient in gold Anglo-Gallic coins—a proof, if proof were wanting, of their extreme rarity. Some idea of the peculiar richness of his collection in this department, in comparison with that of the Museum, and with the most celebrated foreign cabinets, may be formed from the following statement:—

Gold Anglo-French coins in the Author's cabinet	46
— in the British Museum	19
— in the Cabinet du Roi at Paris	6
— in that at the Money Mint, ditto	5
— in the Imperial Cabinet at Vienna	6
Mr. Thomas, who has more than there are in any other private cabinet, excepting that of the author, possesses	12

The rarest amongst these, perhaps, is the Aignel or Mouton, struck most probably at Rouen, for it does not bear the *point secret* of any mint. "Rouen," says our author, "was taken in the middle of January 1419, and an ordinance from Gisors, in September the same year, directs that the moutons hereafter to be struck should have an it in the centre of the cross of the reverse. As that mark is wanting in the coin now under consideration, it must have appeared between the end of January, and the date of the proclamation. Its rarity arises from its having been called in, the title being inferior to that of Heres which followed, or to any on the Anglo-French series that preceded it. The second coinage of moutons, contemplated by the Gisors ordinance, as well as that of "petit florins," alluded to by a proclamation, 12th January, 1420, probably did not take place: the title was lower than any gold coined by the French since 7th March, 1418; and the negotiations for peace, together with Henry's marriage to Catherine of France, which was consummated in June of the following year, rendered a different arrangement necessary. The moutons were probably called in about Christmas, 1421, when Henry issued his salutes from the Paris mint; they had at first been current at twenty sous, but were afterwards raised to thirty. Charles the Sixth, in January, 1420, allowed them currency through all his dominions at fifteen sous. The British Museum possesses a specimen of this coin, formerly Mr. Tysson's, at whose sale it was purchased by Mr. Barré Roberts. When death, in 1810, deprived the numismatic world of this highly-gifted young man, at the premature age of twenty-one years, his collection of Anglo-French coins, at that time unequalled, was purchased by the British Museum, where it was considered unique, until a fortunate hazard made the author possessor of the second known to exist in any cabinet."

The author has spared no pains to enrich or elucidate his subject, and has given to the numismatic world a large stock of information of great value. The notes abound with much new and correct knowledge respecting the history of this country, and that of France, during the Plantagenet domination. The study of numismatics has generally been a favourite one, both with historians and antiquaries; and when we consider its value and importance in affording us a true light in the more dark and dubious paths of history, it is to be regretted that it is not more universally cultivated.

Divines of the Church of England, with Lives of the Authors, Summary of each Discourse, Notes, &c. By the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D. Vol. II. London, 1830. Valpy.

THIS volume is preceded by the testimonies of the periodical press in favour of the former volume. We are glad to see that it has met with such general approbation. Of the present volume, we can truly say, that it is fully equal to its predecessor. Upon looking over it, however, we are but the more confirmed in our opinion expressed in our notice of the first volume, as to the uselessness of the summaries. They only serve to increase the bulk of, without benefiting, the work. One hundred and fifty pages are devoted to them in the volume before us; and at this rate the work, when completed, if it extends to fifty volumes, will contain seventy-five hundred pages of summaries alone, besides the biographies and notes!!! The editor is a very able man, and we are satisfied that he must feel with us the impolicy of burthening these volumes with so much comparatively useless matter. We feel assured, that the omission of these summaries would greatly increase the sale of a work, which ought to be in the library of every family in the kingdom who can afford to purchase it.

Mythological Fictions of the Greeks and Romans. By Charles Philip Moritz. New York, 1830. Carvil.

THIS is the translation of a German work, chiefly intended for the instruction of youth, though addressed also to adults whose classical acquirements have been rather circumscribed. It appears, and very deservedly too, to have met with considerable success among the author's own countrymen. It is designed principally for the higher class of students, conveying, in a very condensed form, a vast fund of information upon the mythologies of Greece and Rome. It enables the student very clearly to trace a drift in heathen theogony which does not ordinarily suggest itself. That moral beauty, moreover, which exists, though not superficially, and therefore not perhaps very obviously, in these beautiful fables, the acute German has succeeded very happily in developing. This, indeed, does not appear to be his object, but it is nevertheless the effect of his manner of treating his subject. The book is altogether one of considerable merit.

FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY, No. VII.—*Herodotus*, Vol. III. London, 1830. Valpy.

IN drawing the public attention to this volume, we need not add a word to our notices of the two former numbers of this excellent work, to which we refer our readers. We therein expressed the high opinion entertained by us of those volumes, of which the present concludes the celebrated work of Herodotus. This invaluable history is now accessible to all classes, and the very moderate price at which it is published, must, we think, ensure it a very extensive sale.

Flora Java.—*The Flora of Java and the adjacent Islands.* By C. M. Blume, M.D. Nos. 28 & 29. folio, plates. 1830. Brussels, May; London, Treuttel & Co.

THIS splendid and singularly-interesting portrait of one of the most liberally-endowed portions of the vegetable kingdom, claims our unqualified encomiums, from the indefatigable zeal with which it is conducted; for both the scientific details, and the illustrations attached to them are treated with equal attention and skill. It will remain a proud memorial of the liberal patronage which the King of the Netherlands has so long conferred on the arts and sciences;—and not only so long, but with so discriminating a judgment. The two fasciculi now before us, contain branches of the *Anacaceæ* family; namely, the *Artabotrys*, *Anaxagorea*, and *Polyalthia*; with beautifully-executed specimens of each species.

An Outline of the First Principles of Botany. By John Lindley, F.R.S. London, 1830. Longman.

WHOEVER desires to study botany, will find this a very useful assistant. It is one of the best-compiled elementary works we have seen. Its excellence is condensation and connexion. It is not written for idlers; there is no irrelevant talking to beguile them on their way; it presupposes that the reader is a student, and really desirous of mastering the subject—and there is not one superfluous word.

The Westminster Review. No. XXV. July, 1830.

THERE is certainly a change in the times, when a periodical maintaining the sentiments of the Westminster comes to be looked for on its day of publication with some interest in the reading world; and its sentiments to excite not a little discussion in those circles, where political and literary matters are not regarded with fashionable or indolent indifference. This struck us forcibly on the night preceding its publication, when, happening to be in a public library with one of Mr. Colburn's kid-gloved authors, we heard him requesting to have the earliest copy.

We do not concern ourselves with politics—our paper is, as it professes to be, a sanctuary for literature and literary men; and when compelled to notice political works, we confine ourselves usually to an exposition of the writer's views, and express our own opinions rather of the manner than the matter of the books; but we may say of the Westminster, that it generally grapples with important subjects, and has nerve and daring to go the whole length of a question. The first article on "The Ballot" is written in this spirit, and written well; there can be no doubt it is by Mr. Mill. That on "The Distress of the Country," and the present state and "Politics of Lower Canada," are severally well written, and the subjects of admitted importance; and in that on "Religious Disabilities," the liberal Cobbett is treated with the quiet ridicule his illiberal and intolerant opinions on the subject well merited. "Great Britain and France," and "Clarendon's Life," are, both in sentiment and manner, such as might be expected in the Westminster.

Among those of a more general interest, is a professed review of Mr. President Shee's Works, but really an Essay on Patronage of Art; and unless the writer be one who can make a comfortable night-cap of a bee-hive, or, as a punning friend says, be one to whom "the tyrant custom has made the flinty pallet as a thrice-driven bed of down," we do not envy him.

The stiff and sententious style of the political articles in this periodical, is not so well suited to the reviews of light literature; and, however imposing to superficial readers, has to us the air of affectation. There is, however, good sense throughout, and fairness, so far as the writers

are capable of appreciating their subjects. The articles on "Carwell," "The Game of Life," and "The Dominie's Legacy," in this number, are selected with good taste, in opposition to the fashionable school; and the remarks on Mrs. Sheridan's book (Carwell) are in a spirit of benevolence, which is creditable to one of the hard-hearted craft. He might, indeed, well have spared the cant about Utilitarianism in speaking of "The Game of Life," for the hasty novelist was evidently no more thinking of it when rattling through his novel, than of Dr. Bowring or Mr. Jeremy Bentham.

Nothing could be in worse taste than the juxtaposition of three volumes of tales and pictures of society, purely Scotch, called "The Dominie's Legacy," with "Three Courses and a Dessert;" at least nothing could be more absurd than to set the same person to speak of works so dissimilar. It is no wonder, then, that the critic should show his ignorance by calling Leeing (lying) Davie, one of the characters in "The Dominie's Legacy," "a lout of a boy," when it is perfectly evident that the said critic will never be able to tell a lie with half Davie's grace, elegance, and propriety, the longest day he has to live! Upon the whole, this number of the Westminster may be considered a good one.

THE LAMENT OF GILL DIAZ OVER BAVIECA, *The War-horse of the Cid Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PORTRAITS OF THE DEAD."

Woe is me! old Bavieca!

My beautiful, my brave, thou'rt past;

Sole relic of Rodrigo's glory,

Gill Diaz weeps o'er thee at last—

Weeps o'er thee, old Andalusian,

O'er thy sunk crest's drooping pride,

O'er the white foam of thy spirit,

Streaming like the ocean tide.

Wake, Bavieca! he who loved thee,

Tended thee with strength and truth;

Wills thee rise in all thy glory,

With the vigour of thy youth.

Wake! arise! thou lord of thunder,

Bolt of battle, spear of fire,

From the red earth of the sleeper

Rise in all thy Spanish ire!

He wakes not—stirs not; Bavieca!

By the hand which held thy rein,

In the name of great Rodrigo,

Wake to life and war again.

Still he stirs not! O my bosom,

Lance on thee has oft been red;

But my wounds, I do not feel them,

Is not Bavieca dead?

Dead!—come forth, thou battle trumpet,

One bold blast will rouse his breath;

'Tis the Cid's avenging clangor,

Direful as the tramp of death.

He stirs—ah no! 'twas but the light breeze

Curling o'er his drooping mane;

Hush, my spirit! Bavieca!

Nor the Cid return again.

Silent are thy days of glory,

O thou gallant steed of war,

And 'tis well: Is he not sleeping,

Cid Rodrigo de Bivar?

Cid Rodrigo! O my master!

Bavieca! flow, pale tear;

The horse—the rider—both are silent!

Gill Diaz, what dost thou do here?

A little longer, O my spirit!

Dig the grave, and plant the tree,†

Then, my Lord! then Bavieca!

The poor squire will follow ye!

† Gill Diaz planted two elm-trees beside the grave of Bavieca.

THE LIVING ARTISTS.

NO. I.

PICKERSGILL.

THE mantle of SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE has descended on the shoulders of four painters, SHEE, PICKERSGILL, PHILLIPS, and JACKSON; but not with a double portion of the President's power: for, though all the artists we have named are men of distinguished talents, yet their works have less of the splendid spirit of flattery, and consequently are less acceptable to human vanity than the magnificent fictions of Lawrence. He was indeed a glorious flatterer—he gave elegance to the coarse, and beauty to the unlovely; and though a writer of verses and an admirer of poetry, he was seldom a poet in art, save when he got some unlovesome lady of wealth or rank before him, and then he lavished his charms, and completed on canvas what was left unfinished in nature. Indeed, a portrait in his hand was more than half a fiction; his ladies are all beautiful and elegant, and his men all grace and neatness. We have no wish that his four successors should dip their brushes in his deceiving colours and make mere mortals worthy of appearing only in visions and in dreams; we are lovers of external as well as mental truth, and desire not to see our ladies transformed into goddesses, nor our men into Antinous's and Apollos. We prefer vigour to elegance, and accuracy of colour to the most flattering hues.

Pickersgill has, within these few years, risen into enviable eminence. No member of the Academy has improved so rapidly—they seem all stationary but himself—several seem retrograding. Some years ago we looked round the walls of the Exhibition, singling out such portraits and fancy pictures as pleased us best; and on looking into our Catalogue, we found the name of Pickersgill attached to three of those favourites. From that time we took note of his works. They are chiefly portraits, and display much mental power, and signal truth and harmony of colouring. The attitudes are graceful and unconstrained—he is no timid limner, for he tries bold postures, and redeems them from the charge of extravagance by a certain happiness of handling which looks like a succession of lucky hits rather than the well-considered touches of skill and judgment. He is rising slowly and surely into eminence. We are free to confess that we sometimes think he is not fortunate in the subjects who flock to his easel; literary men of little fame—philosophers who deal in dubious doctrines—critics from the great hornet-hive of London—ladies who write pretty tales and pleasing verses, and gentlemen who read and praise them. We wish him "high dames and mighty earls," instead of such small deer; for painting, let us preach and lecture as we will, can only be effectually patronized by the wealthy and the noble, and we know of no artist more worthy of such notice than Pickersgill. It is true that he has painted a splendid portrait of Jeremy Bentham—a very rich and vigorous one of John Bowring—and better, we apprehend, than either, a portrait of Lockhart, the poet and critic, which is now in the Exhibition. But excellent as these are, we shall not think him in the true path till he has had sittings from our nobles, till he has dipped his brush for rank and for fashion; for by these he will live better than by all the poets, critics, and philosophers in the kingdom. We hear that he is painting a head of Bulwer, the novelist, and observe by the papers, that he has finished, much to the satisfaction of friends, a portrait of Allan Cunningham. We have no wish to counsel him against acts of friendship, but we lament that he has leisure to lay out his fine colours on writers of biography and fancy tales. While we were writing this, a friend dropped in and said that the painter is now busy on a full-length portrait of New Harmony Owen.

He cannot miss but know that such things will never pay—who cares for the heads of bards and visionaries? Who has made him an offer for his inimitable Bentham?†

We lament that this able painter has not yet obtained the patronage which he deserves. We advise him not to despond; but to be of good cheer, seeing that good days are surely at hand. Let ladies who wish to lay out fifty pounds on the husband of their bosom, decoy him, by those wiles in which when they choose they excel, to the gallery of Pickersgill, and never leave him till they see his face shining like that of a bridegroom on the canvas. To gentlemen our counsel extends also—if they desire to secure in the bloom the good looks of the ladies they love, they cannot do better than lure them to the studio of the artist. Nor will their pleasure be limited to that of seeing the canvas assume the express image of those they love; they will see many fine productions—the offspring of the painter's mind when he was struggling for distinction—works, half portrait and half fancy—ladies lingering at their casements when the moonlight and their lovers come together; or braiding their tresses and putting their jewels and those looks of languishment on,

Which from the wisest win their best resolves. Let them put money in their purses, too—for they cannot choose but admire some of those charming maidens; and were we disposed to direct their choice, we would say, the Greek girl for our money, who is showering roses on her luxuriant locks, and cooling her white neck at a window overhung with flowers. We know not whether the painter's wife may not have some share in directing such poetic fancies. Mrs. Pickersgill is favourably known to the world by her "Tales of the Harem," in which there is good sense, and good feeling, and good poetry.

We are, we care not who knows it, great gossips, and anxious inquirers into the histories of men of genius. We have discovered that Pickersgill was, in his youth, a merchant of London, and became a painter partly from necessity and partly from the impulse of nature. His uncle, an eminent silk-merchant, retired from business, and the nephew, too young to take charge of a concern requiring much judgment and experience, was pondering what to do when he accidentally went into a house containing some noble paintings—he could do little but look at them. He went home—tried to draw—succeeded surprisingly—gave his heart more and more to the pencil, and in time became a painter worthy of public notice. This was the impulse of Nature: she sometimes, in the case of strong minds, takes the matter into her own hands; overturns the decisions of friends and relations, and places her favourites in the true path to fame and fortune. She found Burns at the plough—Ben Jonson with a bricklayer's trowel in his hand—Scott "at law's dry musty arts"—and Shakespeare sorting wool—and drove them, as she has done Pickersgill, into the sunshine of fame.

THE MAGAZINES.

An Editor must, upon occasions, idle as well as other people, but his holidays are not often taken in the right spirit of enjoyment; he is linked and fettered, and his utmost liberty is but to dance his hornpipe in chains. It is idling with him to run hastily over the periodicals, the literary labour of half the reading public.

A few sunny hours, and very few our being in England will prove, were passed in this

† They are the best studies for a portrait painter—his best chance of fame hereafter—the surest evidence that he deserves it. No man, I feel assured, would more readily admit this than the talented writer of this article, although, in his kind good-wishes for all who deserve well of art, he may regret that Pickersgill has not been patronized to the extent he merited.—Ed.

way lately. We were anxious to see how old friends kept up their vitality and spirit, and what promise there was in the young ones. We found *Blackwood*, indifferent for a long time, had taken a new lease of life, and was more vigorous and hearty than ever—or, to lay aside our figurative nonsense, that the last was a capital number. The master-mind of that, and of all the magazines, is visible in the first page and the last; in the article on Bear-hunting, and the Answer to Correspondents. But heretofore the labour of supporting the work rested on his "Atlantean shoulders"—now he has becoming assistants.—*The Family*, is modest as usual, with a good deal of unpretending merit, and, on the whole, improved.—*The United Service* has lost something of its peculiar character, but is still original and readable.—*The New Monthly* drags on its weary way, without interest, from the first page to the last, though not without an occasional well-written and clever paper. If it be not stirring, it will be beaten by the *Old Monthly*, which has infinitely less pretence, is cheaper, and on the whole, more entertaining. We wish indeed it had not so many lumbering political articles; but this seems the fashion; and even a magazine is no longer the quiet neutral ground it was heretofore. The change in the general conduct and character of this magazine entitle it to be considered as among the new ones.—But the youngest of the fraternity is *Fraser's*, and therefore we shall bestow a few more words on it. When this magazine started into existence, there certainly appeared room for a good monthly periodical—we wanted one of more nerve and power, and where men of talent should have more freedom to speak out, and in their own way, than seems to be consistent with the aristocratical taste and painful fastidiousness of the *New Monthly*. And without a word of puff preliminary, or any particular flourish of trumpets, out came *Fraser's* "Opposition." In the management hitherto there has been more evidence of talent than the judicious exercise of it, and a great deal too much of personality. This we presume to be the mere over-excitement of youth, and will be tamed down by experience. The "Election of Editor" is no doubt intended for the *taking* article of this number, and will be read by those who dislike, as well as those who like the magazine. It is clever, although it might have been judiciously curtailed. The style of the various speakers is well hit off. We have Christopher North's rambling mixture of egotism, learning, poetry, wit, sense, and nonsense—a pointless *olla podrida* speech by Sir Charles Wetherell—Mr. Dunlop exhibits his coarse vigour—and twenty others make their several displays on the occasion—perhaps the best is Mr. Blackwood's, "wee bit pawrlement speech," from a barrel-head, in defence of Church and King, and his magazine, in characteristic Scotch. The appearance of this magazine was, we have said, opportune, and it promises to be successful.

THE ANTIQUITY OF THE ART OF PAPER-MAKING.

It has been generally conceived that the first rudiments of the art of making paper, according to the process now in use, were acquired by the Arabians from certain Bukharian manufacturers about the year 704, and by them introduced into Spain, in the eleventh century. We are, however, about to draw the reader's attention to a work which throws an entirely new light on this subject, and goes far to establish a remoter date. The conjectures of former investigators have been derived exclusively from a consideration of the materials employed by the ancients; but our learned friend, Musumeci,—in his recent essay "On the ancient use of va-

rious kinds of Paper, and the art of making it,"†—has taken up the subject on the only grounds from which clear and positive inferences can be drawn; he has inquired into the *mechanical means* by which those materials were produced, and instituted "a comparison of the process for making common papers, as now practised, with that which is recorded by the ancient writers." In doing this, he has also communicated the relative results of his researches.

Musumeci collects from Pliny,‡—the only one among ancient authors who treats at any length of the art of making paper,—that there were seven distinct kinds of paper known in his time:—the *Hieratic*, or *Sacred*, (afterwards called *Augusta*), which was of so delicate a texture, as to be ill-adapted to the purposes of the pen;—the *Amphitheatrical*, so called from the spot where it was manufactured, which was originally of very coarse quality, and fit only for common use;—the *Fannianal*, which was the same as the latter, but was ameliorated in quality by Fannio, from whom it derives its name;—the *Saitical*, first made in Sai, a town in Egypt, and composed of the vilest refuse,—such as woollen rags, and the like;—the *Tenintical*, a coarse paper resembling the bark of trees, valued more for its weight than its goodness;—the *Emporetical*, or *Empirical*, which was unfit for writing, but much used in trade;—and, lastly, the *Papyrus*.

We collect from the same authority, that all these kinds of paper corresponded, in a greater or less degree, with those of modern times; and that the present method of making them does not differ from the ancient. It is evident, therefore, that former inquirers, having erroneously considered ancient paper to be identical with papyrus, have been seduced into equivocal and ill-founded conjectures as to its nature. Now what does Pliny report? "Every sheet of paper is made from material in a damp state, composed of a substance derived from the fibres of vegetables; both sides being dried on a low table or superficies, of whatever length it is desired the form or frame of the paper should possess; the lattice (or wire) work is afterwards turned, and the sheet is complete." If it be added, that "the sheets are laid in a press, dried in the sun, placed together carefully with the most minute respect to quality, and sorted into bundles or quires,"—all which operations are recited by Pliny, we can arrive at no other conclusion than what Musumeci has insisted upon;—namely, that the process followed by the ancients is precisely analogous with that which is pursued at the present day. It appears, on further investigation, that the frames which the ancients used for their paper were not dissimilar from our own; that they were made of brass; and that the process of sizing was much the same; the dimensions as numerous; the uses as similar; and the defects as striking, as occur with our own papers. It is quite obvious from these facts, which rest equally upon Pliny's testimony, that paper itself, though styled "papyrus," was not a composition made with the small pellicles of the plant which bears that name, and glued together by the muddy waters of the Nile, as former interpreters have affirmed, but that it was manufactured under a process of maceration, whereby the pellicles were reduced to a pap;—the only means capable of imparting to it that substance, whiteness, delicacy, &c., which Pliny so clearly indicates.

An indisputable proof of this fact exists in the papyri lately described by Champollion, which cannot possibly have been formed by mere contexture, but must have been the result of maceration, and a fusion of the parts into one called. The same remark applies to the sort called *Saitica*, which Pliny states to have been

† Catania, 8vo. 1820.

‡ Nat. Hist. Lib. 10. Cap. xi, xii, et xiii.

made from rags and the vilest refuse. The process appears to have been known in times posterior to those of the Roman naturalist; for Cassiodorus, who lived at the Emperor Theodoric's court at Ravenna, when recommending paper-making to the assiduous attention of his contemporaries, makes special mention of maceration, but never of contexture. It should also be recollected, that, in Cassiodorus's time, five centuries later than Pliny's, Ravenna was celebrated for the manufacture of paper, which was composed of the *scirpus ravennatus*—in all probability, nothing more nor less than the common rush of our own rivers. Ginnani is of opinion, that this was the paper which constitutes the greater part, if not the whole, of the papyri now extant in the principal libraries of Europe:† a circumstance which serves to strengthen the opinion many have entertained, that the papyri of Herculaneum were made of a papp, derived from the refuse of old leather, and capable, as results from repeated experiment, of resisting the effects of fire and water.

ON THE NATURAL RESOURCES OF ALGIERS.

By G. de HEMSO, late Consul-General of Sweden to the Regency of Tunis.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

London, June 1830.

SIR,—If it be true that “in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom,” it may not be equally true, that “in a mountain of words there is lore;” and when I turn back, and cast my eyes about me and around me, and look upon the thousand and one histories, descriptions and anecdotes, which temporary interest has heaped upon Algiers, I discover little beyond petty larcenies from the storerooms of Malte-Brun, Bruce, Pananti, and company. I send you, therefore, some valuable notices, for which I stand indebted to the observant pen of my old friend *De Hemsö*.‡ The only apology I shall proffer, abridges itself into a regret for the abruptness and dislocation to which the prescriptive limits of a weekly journal must condemn my friend's illustrations.

“The soil of what is termed the Regency of Algiers, appears to have abated nothing of its pristine fecundity; where rivers or rivulets continue to intersect the valleys and plains, the land is as productive as when the Romans panegyricized it as ‘the garden of Africa.’ It is far more luxuriant and fruitful than the state of Tunis; its mountains are more irregular, the rains more abundant, its springs and brooks more numerous, and, above all, its vegetation far more active and diversified. Few quarters of the globe can produce an extent of plain, comparable for beauty, fertility, and cultivation with that of *Mitigja*, which lies at no great distance from the immediate vicinity of the capital. Its soil is uniformly rich over the whole range of a quadrangular superficies of a thousand miles; it is finely watered, and has been converted, by the industry of man, into one of the most luxuriant scenes which the mind can conceive. On the borders of this terrestrial Paradise springs Mount Bugerea, which rises to an elevation of nearly six hundred feet; its acclivities are covered with gardens and country houses, belonging to wealthy Jews and Moors, and fertilized by gushing springs, or wells from which the water is drawn up by means of wheels, set in motion by camels, wild horses, or asses.

“The mountains are, in general, of a calcareous, cretaceous, or conchigliiferous formation, and produce several species of minerals, more particularly lead and iron (the only metals which the native possesses the art of raising and turning to account), antimony, vermilion, rock-crystal, gypsum, chalk, marble of various kinds,

porphyry, jasper, fuller's earth, nitre, and sulphur. The richest product, however, which this country affords, is salt, both sea and rock: there are also several sorts of clay, which abound throughout the western districts of the Regency, and are used in the manufacture of earthenware, a portion of which is sent abroad.

“Though Africa is on the whole barren of woods and forests, Algiers produces timber of a handsome growth, especially on its low lands. The carob tree and olive are indigenous to the soil, and grow and spread themselves without requiring cultivation; filberts and chesnuts are found in every quarter; the fig yields a grateful aliment, and in the shape of hedge-rows, affords both shade and protection to the garden and vineyard; the vine thrives on the hills, and decorates the orchards and plantations of the plain country with its festoons, its trunk growing frequently to the size of that of a pear-tree; the pomegranate is three times larger than the Italian; lemons, oranges, citrons, and other fruits of the same genus, are found in superabundance, and are considered finer in flavour than those produced under any other sky. The coast is rich in palm-trees, and Biled-ul-gerid furnishes the most delicious of dates. Every kind of fruit, in short, which is common to a temperate, or, more properly speaking, a warm zone, may be cultivated on this soil, though, with the exception of the fig, grape, orange, and pomegranate, they are generally of inferior quality. Melons, cucumbers, cabbages, and the varied treasures of the kitchen-garden are not only domesticated in Algiers, but do not stand in need of artificial cultivation. The acorn-bearing oak, cypress, juniper, cedar, almond, white mulberry, Barbary indigo-plant, and many other useful trees, cover the summits and declivities of the mountains; whilst the thyme, rosemary, and a profusion of odoriferous shrubs perfume the air with their fragrance. None of them, however, will bear a comparison with the ‘plant of Nessri,’ or white rose, the flowers of which produce the celebrated *ottar of roses*, or *nessri*, and yield double the quantity of the European. The sugar-cane is of universal growth; but Algiers possesses a peculiar species of this plant, which is called by the natives ‘Suleiman,’ attains to an extraordinary height, and contains a greater abundance of saccharine matter than any other sort with which we are acquainted.

“The grain most commonly cultivated here is wheat and barley; but maize, durrh, and rice are also grown extensively. Garavanzi, or pease, are a common food; but oats are wholly unknown to the husbandmen of Algiers.

“The fishing-grounds along the coast teem with riches, but the indolence and ignorance of the Algerine render them of little or no avail to him. The eastern shores produce the choicest descriptions of coral, and, with common skill, might be converted into an inexhaustible mine of national wealth. This prolific branch of revenue was farmed, about three hundred years ago, to the French, and has since yielded but a miserable pittance to the treasury of Algiers. The fishery extends from Callé to Cape Rosso.

“Game and wild animals are met with at every point, particularly the wild boar, which is the prey of his more ferocious neighbour, where he has little to dread from the hand of the huntsman. They differ from the European species, their head being larger, and furnished with two inverted tusks. Porcupines abound, but there are few hares, and fewer rabbits: this deficiency is amply counterbalanced by thousands of buffaloes, antelopes, gazelles, and wild goats. Among the more curious sorts of animals are the *fadh*, a species of wild bull, the *gat*, of the leopard kind, and the *hallac*, a description of goat with rat's ears, a white stomach, and the remainder of his body of a yellow colour. The principal kinds of wild beasts are lions, panthers, hyenas, ounces,

wild cats, and the golden wolf. In no respect has the Numidian monarch of the forest degenerated from his ancient character; he is still, if we are to believe the Arabians, the most formidable, and at the same time the most generous, of his kind.

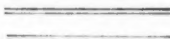
“The ostrich is seldom found within the regency of Algiers, excepting on the frontiers of Morocco, in the desert of Angad, and the defiles of Mount Atlas, where they are sometimes met with in numerous flocks. On the other hand, the country swarms with myriads of reptiles, scorpions, and locusts, which latter would deserve the name of the ‘African scourge,’ did they not afford nourishment to the mountaineer and others, who have been hence denominated *acridofagi*, or locust-eaters, in ancient times.

“The Arabian, Moorish, and Amazigh tribes, who constitute the internal population of this regency, living principally in pastoral state, their chief wealth consists in flocks and herds; and, every province being full of pastures of the most extensive description, they are rich in all kinds of domestic animals:—horses, oxen, camels, asses, mules, cattle, goats, &c. The Barbary horse stands in high repute on his native soil, competing with, if not surpassing, the Arabian, in beauty and swiftness; though the Moor is, after all, but a negligent groom, and the choicest breed is consequently becoming scarce. Horned cattle are small in size; the cow yields but a scanty supply of milk, as compared with her European sisterhood, and runs dry as soon as she loses her calf. Algiers is, in common with Morocco, the native country of the famous Merino sheep; and the breed which has the large broad tail is much more numerous here than in any other of the Barbary states. The Algerine ass is pre-eminently large and handsome; nor is it matter of surprise, that a country, which produces so fine a race of horses and asses, should possess an unrivalled breed of mules, a breed capable of carrying heavier burthens, and enduring greater fatigue, than any other. The steady and elongated pace of these animals is given to them, by keeping their fore-legs tied for a considerable time together, and suspending a weight to the pasterns of their hinder legs.”

STONE RAILWAYS.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of introducing to you and your numerous readers a few hints on the subject of *Stone Railways*; and should feel greatly obliged by your sparing a corner for them in your interesting publication. My object is to have adopted the curb-stones as a general road for all sorts of carriages from one end of the kingdom to the other. I disclaim any merit as to the originality of the idea, for already it has been tried for years at Milan, and lately on the Commercial-road, leading to the East India Docks; but could I persuade mankind of its great advantages over every other kind of road, and of the important results from its general adoption, I flatter myself I should render an useful service to the world. I will therefore state at once the result of an experiment made the other day with a double-bodied phaeton on three roads. The first was two lines of the curb-stones laid down for the wheels to run on thus:



when the carriage started with 16 lbs. hanging by a rope and pulley; it was then placed on loose gravel two inches deep, and it required 68 lbs. to start it; it was then placed on a macadamized broken stone road of about the same depth, and it required 120 lbs. to move it.

† Mem. Storico Critiche degli Scrittori Ravennati.

‡ Vide Athenæum, No. 79.

But this is not all; for the perpetual obstacles on every other kind of road than one that is perfectly smooth, impede the progress of the machine, check the ardour of the horse, and in a few short months destroy the best-constructed wheels. I hold, therefore, that two horses would do as well as four for our stage coaches and coal-waggons; one as well as two for our hackney coaches, &c. Let me explain that these curb granite stones are not to be at all raised above the ground, that I would have only one double line on roads or streets of little traffic; that the expense is trifling compared with pavement or macadamization; that it is lasting, and capable of being laid over sand, gravel, or even turf, and ready at once; that the heavier the load the more it would be consolidated, not, as at present, pulverized; that it would be equally good in winter as summer; that it would occasion no noise, dust or dirt; that it would facilitate communication, and the consequent supply of provisions and intelligence from every part of the island to the metropolis; and if at last it wore into grooves, let it be moved a few inches nearer or farther, or turned. As an old coachman, I see nothing against its universal adoption.

These, Sir, are a few of the advantages which I prophesy would follow this easily-tried experiment. I do hope some of our parochial authorities will see it in the same light, and begin the great work; and that the commissioners of our roads, who are beginning to dispense with some of our turnpikes, will see, that by such means they may dispense with many more. For the present, Sir, I will trespass no farther,

Being yours, &c. D. F. W.

St. Marylebone, July 5, 1830.

FINE ARTS.

PRINTS PUBLISHED BY COLNAGHI & SON.

WE noticed in our last the interesting lithograph by Lane, from a plaster cast of the late President—the fine Italian head of Cardinal Gonzalvi, by Lewis, from Lawrence's drawing—and Miss Susan Bloxam, by the same; we have now to mention a noble whole-length mezzotinto of

CHARLES THE TENTH, King of France, painted by Sir Thomas, and scraped by Turner. As a portrait, this was one of Lawrence's happiest works; as a picture, it had something of formality. Mr. Turner has done his part effectively: the print is one of great power, and will do credit to the English school, and stimulate that desire for the works of English artists, which is just now awakening abroad.

SIR ASTLEY PASTON COOPER, Bart. F.R.S., painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and engraved by Samuel Cousins, is still more to our taste. It is a fine and effective print. Perhaps the shadows are too massive; but it has in consequence the favourite effect of the late President—the head, full of intellect, stands out so boldly, that the light seems to emanate from it.

ITALIAN GIRLS preparing for a Festa; drawn by P. Williams, and engraved by Lucas. This must, we think, have been intended as companion to a picture by the same artist, that appeared in one of the Annuals of last year. It is in every way delightful. The fine languid brunette beauty at her toilet in the open air, is just one of those natural pictures to be seen every day, and every hour on a festa day, between Albano and Velletri, and nowhere north of Rome. From the rich luxuriance of the wood, we should fix the locality at Genzano.

Duke of Reichstadt. (Lawrence.) Bromley, A.R.A. Tiffin.

WE have seldom seen a portrait of greater interest than the present, and never one of greater

beauty of execution. It is from the sketch Sir Thomas made, when the late King sent him to Vienna, to paint the picture of the Emperor. It has been engraved now some years; but owing to the displeasure which the King expressed upon Sir Thomas having it engraved without his permission, was kept as a private plate, and fortunate did those friends of the painter esteem themselves, who had an impression in their possession. The death of both sovereign and painter has been the cause of its now being before the public. The likeness wants not a verifier; it is indeed Napoleon's miniature: the broad smooth expansive forehead, the penetrating eye, the deep thought, all resemble in the strongest degree that extraordinary man. Mr. Bromley has given to perfection the delicacy of the drawing. It is apparently a simple and unpretending plate, but possessing the greatest skill and judgment. We doubt not its great sale; it has every interest possible to recommend it, both as a portrait and as a work of art.

J. Wilson Croker, Esq., Secretary to the Admiralty. (Lawrence.) Cousins. Moon, Boys & Graves.

It could not be otherwise than expected from Mr. Cousins, that he would, upon copying this admirable specimen of the painter, maintain his great reputation. It is worthy of the artist who has produced the Pope and the Lambton; and is also an excellent likeness of the able secretary.

Sir Matthew White Ridley, Bart. (Jackson, R.A.) By G. Doo.

THIS plate, we hear, is to be delivered to the subscribers only. Mr. Doo has ably performed his part, but the picture is not equal to some of the painter's works.

WE have just been fortunate enough to see an impression of young Bromley's engraving, from Sir Thomas Lawrence's drawing, of "Mrs. Wolfe and her Son," now exhibiting at the British Institution. It was commenced by Sir Thomas, but death deprived us of him before it was completed. The executor, and some few friends, have subscribed for the payment of the engraving, taken off one hundred impressions, and destroyed the plate. We lament this, for it strongly speaks to the talent of both artists. We presume there are sufficient reasons for the course pursued; otherwise we should regret that so fine a work of art should be kept from the portfolios of the President's admirers.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday last, June 3rd, poor Mozart was again broken on the wheel. There were three changes from the original cast of the present season, and nevertheless the "Giovanni" was produced without a regular rehearsal. If this be law, we swear it is not justice! The truth of the case is, M. Laporte is too much engaged with his French Plays just now to attend to the Italian Opera.

Madlle. Blasis was the *Zerlina* in the room of the uncertain Malibran, and, with all those allowances usually made on such hurried undertakings of new parts, left us no cause to regret the original. Some malcontents, but not judges, hissed a little on the occasion, but we could not see any personal reason for their censures. The opera, as a whole performance, was villainously treated on the part of the *manager*, but in some instances was splendidly upheld by the singers—particularly the *finale* to the first act, in which the preternatural voices of Blasis, Donzelli, and Lablache were truly astonishing! Shall we ever hear this opera done ample justice to? *Incertum est!* At the close of the opera Donzelli outwitted the devils in a very clever style. The infernal blood-hounds were somehow or other "at

fault;" so he "stole away" at the side-scene to the annoyance of a great number of persons who wished to see the *morale* of the piece vindicated properly, and the profligate *Giovanni* consigned to brimstone in a legitimate manner.

A second time has Madame Lalande been disappointed of her benefit in consequence of the indisposition of Madame Malibran. The promised opera of "La Donna Caritea," announced for Thursday, was of course withdrawn, and "La Cenerentola" substituted. In some former notices, we asserted that Madlle. Blasis was not fully appreciated. On Thursday evening we were gratified at finding that our opinion of her merits was not singular, although, "like the sweetness that pleasure has in it," the favour of the public to this lady was somewhat "slow to come forth." She was eminently successful, and was honoured with a particular notice which we are sure her unpretending manners never hoped for. We allude to her being called for after the curtain fell. She came forward with embarrassment and diffidence, and received the loud and general applause of the house as gracefully as surprise would permit her.

Lablache and Santini sang their important duet exceedingly well, and were encored.

Madame Malibran was really too ill (and not, as we have sometimes suspected, merely *indisposed*) to sing; she certainly used every exertion to prevent this disappointment to her sister artiste and the public, as in consequence of its being considered prudent for her to expose herself to as little previous fatigue as possible, several rehearsals of the intended New Opera were had among the principal performers at her own residence.

ENGLISH OPERA—ADELPHI THEATRE.

ON Monday evening, an English adaptation of the immortal Mozart's "Giovanni," was produced at this nutshell of a house. We cannot speak favourably of it. The version is the most unlucky perversion of a tolerable original that we have ever met with. Of course we speak of the language—of the music we can only say, that there seems to be a conspiracy on foot against Mozart: Italian Opera—English Opera—Concert Room—it is all the same, he is murdered everywhere. We have scarcely recovered from witnessing the butchery of Saturday evening at the King's Theatre, when our sensibilities are called upon for a new exercise of compassion at the Adelphi. Phillips, a very good psalm-singer—a perfect model for a musical parish-clerk—has not a notion of *Don Giovanni*. We should as soon expect to find *Master Slender* and "fat Jack" exchange characters, as this gentleman's solemn monotony of voice and manner accommodated to the hilarious and reckless levity of the libertine Spaniard. He is correct, but tame; he is perfect in the notes of the part, but not in its style. Of Penson's *Leporello*, we have nothing to say, but that we think a more efficient one, *much more efficient*, could have been found in the company, in the person of Mr. J. Russell. He studies his music quite as diligently, if not more so, than Mr. P., and, besides, has better tact as an actor, although it has been the custom to "rein him in." Some years ago he was a popular performer. Surely experience has not been injurious to him. Of the female parts in this opera we cannot say much as to the ability with which they were sustained. Miss Betts is a good musician, Mrs. Keeley a very good actress, &c.; but the contrast between them, and Malibran, Sontag, Blasis, and a host of others at the Italian house, is destructive to them, and prove that "comparisons are odious." We are informed that the opera has been adapted and arranged by Mr. Hawes. This is a humbug announcement, too frequently to be found in the play-bills now-a-days. In the name of all that's comical, what has Mr.

Hawes done?—altered the score? no!—changed the melody? no!—corrected the harmony? certainly no! Where then is the *adaptation* to the *English stage*? why, the poor scribe who had the trouble of *mis-translating* the original and dovetailing syllables to notes had all the labour, while *tutit alter honores*, if there be any honour in the case. This is a ridiculous puff, and ought not to be continued. At the same time we think Mr. Hawes gets up good music, and conducts it better and more “*con amore*” than any body else.

SURREY THEATRE.

THIS week a piece called “The Press Gang” has been performing here, which merits some notice on account of the skill both of the author and the actors. The literary department of our subject, however, we shall dismiss in a few words. The action exhibits only the skeleton of a good story;—but even that, as times go, is much. The idea is clever, but not sufficiently developed. The events, although certainly within the bounds of possibility, come too abruptly upon us to receive the sanction of minds accustomed to take the world in detail: and this is doubly unfortunate in the present case, when these events are so few, and the plot in every respect so simple. *Arthur Bryght* (Mr. T. P. Cooke,) had been “pressed” when a boy, into the service of his Majesty; he deserts; is re-taken, and condemned to receive three hundred lashes. That the catastrophe of a melo-drama, however, should be formed by the hero receiving a public whipping, is of course out of the question; and *Arthur*, therefore, in the twinkling of an eye turns out to be the orphan son of a lord. His impressment thus had been wholly illegal; for our readers are aware that it would be a gross solecism, both in politeness and legislation, to force a peer of the realm to make himself useful to his country.

The deficiencies in the plot, however, were fully redeemed by the talent of the principal actor. Mr. Cooke was the very beau-ideal of an English sailor. His acting therefore, although founded on nature, was not natural. It was beyond nature. He was an absolute incarnation of all the *fine* qualities which adorn, in poetical imaginations, the “tars of Old England,” without one taint of the coarseness and ignorance which identify in real life the defenders of our wooden walls with ordinary men of the lowest class of society. There was no one, we will venture to say, within the walls of the Surrey Theatre, who did not, in common parlance, feel his heart warm towards both the profession and the man. Mr. Cooke seemed to feel the advantage which his subject afforded to him, and to be perfectly conscious of his own capability of seizing on it. Even the rolling unsteady step of the sailor received in his hands (in spite of the bull,) a character of courage and determination; and his face, while beaming with love and good-humour, expressed as distinctly the professional characteristics of recklessness and ferocity.

Miss Scott, as *Lucy Dove*, the mistress, and afterwards the wife, of the *Pressed Man*, would have been more interesting, if she had taken less pains to be so. Miss Scott should remember, in spite of the prating of the critics, that there is the same difference between nature in tragedy and nature in real life, as there is between blank verse and prose. “The Press Gang” is a story of common life; and there the tones and graces, which would be exceedingly appropriate in the more poetical and romantic dramas, in which she usually performs so effectively, are worse than thrown away.

We have only to add a recommendation to Mr. Rogers, who was the *Tommy Wren* of the piece, to study closely. He appears to us to be an actor of very considerable promise.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, ASTLEY'S.

THE managers of this theatre know their audience, and provide accordingly—they weave together spectacle and broad humour, and the public relish both. The English, it is said, are a grave people, but they laugh outright when they are tickled; and though it may not be held decorous at the West-end, the managers here know there are three other quarters whence the tide of success may flow in upon them. We need say little about the new piece of “*Aladdin*,” our young friends have all its splendid visions floating before them; and who is so old as to have forgotten the subterranean chambers that rival the fables of Golconda, and the palace that rose like an exhalation at the rubbing of the magic lamp?—the managers certainly have not. This new piece is hardly inferior in splendour to the most splendid at “the legitimates.” It met with great success, and well deserved it.

THE DOUBLE RETAINER.

A considerable portion of the time of the highest legal tribunal was this week occupied, not in determining the trifling disputes between party and party, but in the discussion of a much more important subject relative to the rights and privileges of the bar, and involving no less a question than that of *retaining fees*. It appears that one of the learned gentlemen was recently engaged as counsel in a suit on behalf of *A* versus *B*; and of course, through his brief, became acquainted with the case of client *A*, in all its naked strength and weakness. He has since undertaken to support a petition on behalf of *B* versus *A*, upon some collateral matter in the same suit—

Then changing his side as a lawyer knows how,
He argued again in behalf of the eyes.—*Cowper*.

The opposing counsel, well knowing that the real question of a suit is in nine cases out of ten decided by these collateral petitions, took a preliminary objection to his learned friend's being heard at all under such circumstances, and thereupon arose the discussion in question, which was long and learnedly conducted. The *practice* being acknowledged on all hands to be *selon les règles*, its *propriety* only was now called in question,—and in the opinion of the gentlemen of the Long Robe, that *admits of an argument*. Indeed, it was brought at last to the usual Chancery termination, of being unsettled by the *in-decision* of the Chancellor.

We may perhaps take another opportunity of referring to this subject, and taking a more serious and common-sense view of it than the one suggested by our first feelings, which are irresistibly carried away by the preponderance of the ridiculous over the important. We are not so much surprised at the extremely *bad taste* of these discussions, as at the *bad policy* which permits such points to be publicly mooted. Bonaparte was a better judge in these matters when he addressed his Senate with “Gentlemen, pray let us wash our *dirty linen* in private.”

Ben Jonson, referring of course only to the long robes of his *own day*, calls them,

Men of that large profession, that can speak
To every cause, and things more contraries,
Till they are hoarse again, yet all be law;
That with most quick agility can turn,
And return—make knots and undo them;
Give forked counsel: take provoking gold
On either hand, and put it up:
So wise, so grave, of so perplexed a tongue,
And loud withal, that would not wag, nor scarce
Lie still without a fee.

AGE OF TREES.

THE hard rings seen in the transverse section of many kinds of wood, are generally resorted to as a criterion of the tree's age, and it seems as if the induration which forms the division of these rings takes place during the winter, or when the growth of the tree is retarded. Linnæus adopted this as an old opinion, but, even if it be strictly true, it must be received with limitation, in order to arrive at any accurate result. If we suppose that the height of a tree is increased every year by one shoot, then for every such shoot there will be produced an annual ring, and the breadth of such rings will become in the direct proportion of the increase of the trunk, and inversely as the height of the tree;—so that at the ground only will the stem be marked with the rings corresponding to the tree's age. In fact, the tree will consist of a number of hollow cones, put one inside the other, and each terminating at a different height on the stem; for if that were not the case, and all the rings proceeded to the top, the upper part of a tree would consist of the same number of rings as the lower part, which is contrary to experience. The breadth of these rings is influenced by particular seasons more or less favourable to vegetation, and also by the aspect, for those on the north or cold side of the tree are closer than those on the side most exposed to the sun's influence. It is likewise observed by the woodmen of the Alps, that the fir-trees which grow near the boundary of eternal snow, though very small, furnish a timber of extreme hardness, and in these, thirty or more annual rings are observable in a tree not more than two inches in diameter.

A Correspondent inquires whether a sufficient time has not elapsed since the appearance of the last Galway or Dumfries Mermaid, to warrant the account of a new one;—also, whether a dish of “*Aberdeen Marrowfat*,” as big as pigeon's eggs, would not be in very good season just now. We feel obliged by his friendly offer of sending us the pike of three hundred weight, fresh from Loch Lomond, but beg to suggest that such articles are premature before the rising of parliament, and until the courts of law, the theatres, and other places of public amusement are closed. A reference to the journals at that time will abundantly convince our Correspondent of the truth of our remark.

Impromptu.—When Dagobert, king of France, was about getting into the vehicle which was to convey him to Rheims, for the purpose of being anointed, an extemporizing poet appeared at the coach-door, and was recognized on the part of the good-natured king, by whom he was promised the two oxen yoked to his carriage, if he could enounce a verse on the act in which he was engaged, before he had entered the vehicle. Dagobert had his right foot on the step, when the poet exclaimed,

Ascendat Dagobertus; veniat bos unus et alter.

St. James's Park.—We heartily congratulate the public that the desired opening from Waterloo Place into the Park is to be proceeded with forthwith, by the special and gracious command of His Majesty.

Some of those “clowns” (says a French Journal) who afford so much amusement to our neighbours on the other side of the water, will make their first appearance, in the course of a few days, at the Théâtre des Nouveautés—Messrs. Southby, Barnes, and *Guerint*, (who is he?) and Miss Ityalls, of Drury Lane. They will perform a Comic Pantomime, called “The White Cat,” in which forty tricks, or transformations, will be introduced. The expense of getting up this piece is calculated at not less than 30,000*frs.*; but it is expected to prove adequately attractive.

A new Opera called "Il Conte di Kildare;" or, "I Promessi Sposi," is among the earliest novelties to be produced at the King's Theatre. It is a novelty in more senses than one, being from the pen of an Irishman—the story, too, being Irish—and the scene in Dublin. Report speaks praisingly of this production of native talent; but we hope that it may be kept *en repertoire* until the ensuing season, as it could not be brought out advantageously at the present of this.

Laporte takes his benefit at the French Theatre on Friday next as one of the performers of that company. We heartily wish him success. His loss, in consequence of the closing of the Theatre on the day of the King's death, was very serious indeed. It was expected to prove the most profitable night of the season, being the last appearance of the Taglioni.

Rembrandt.—The picture alluded to in our last was, it appears, bought by Mr. Bone, for Mr. Nield, who has lately purchased the splendid mansion of the Marquis of Bath in Grosvenor Square, and is forming a magnificent gallery.

Billiards.—We noticed some time since a clever work on this subject, translated from the French of Captain Mingaud. It appears the Captain is a very extraordinary player, and his skill and the success of his work has led to the introduction of a "Cue à la Mingaud."

The Government at the Cape have authorized the Philanthropic Society to purchase slaves for the purpose of manumission, and to apprentice the same for a term, not to extend beyond the period at which they shall attain the age of eighteen.

In Switzerland are published weekly, twenty-four journals, nine edited by Catholics, and fifteen by Protestants.

The American Sunday-school Union published, in the year 1828, 878,020 volumes for distribution.

The Genius of American Squibbing.—To such perfection has the *pyrotechnic art* been carried in the United States, that an artist of Philadelphia has succeeded in representing various pleasing pictures, and even landscapes, in fireworks. According to the Yankee statement, the designs of these are extremely good, and the colouring exquisite; indeed, the blending of the various shades and tints effected by these materials, is described as surpassing any effect that can be produced by either oil or water colour. It is said that the artist intends to try his skill in conveying to brother Jonathan a *void* idea of some of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of art in this our "auld-world" world. We would, however, recommend him to continue as original in subjects as he is in materials. He might try his hand, for instance, upon the "Great Sea Serpent,"—a particular description of which, from ocular testimony, may be obtained from any New York mariner.

New Food for Silk Worms.—At a late meeting of the Royal Society at Lille, a letter was read from Clara Girodin, with which that lady transmitted samples of silk, produced in the years 1828 and 1829, from worms which had been fed wholly upon the leaves of the *Scorsonera*. She states that she could never discover any perceptible difference between the produce of worms thus treated, and those which were fed on the leaves of the white mulberry. The same changes and the same diseases affected either of them in an equal degree.—M. Bosc also states, that the silk from the worm nourished with the *Scorsonera* leaf, was sold at Lyons for twenty-four francs per pound (or 19s.); within a fraction as high as the silk produced in the South of France. This discovery is highly important to all countries where the mulberry is of precarious growth.

Jean Zeltner, who for fifteen years afforded an asylum to Kosziusko, is at last dead.

The second volume of "Monumenta Germania Historica," contains valuable historical documents from the 6th to the 13th century; amongst others, the Life of St. Gall, written in the 8th century.

We have been favoured with a sight of Mr. Watt's engraving, from the drawing by Stothard, of the celebrated Dunmow Procession, which is fast advancing to completion. Although the subject is not of the high character of the Canterbury Pilgrimage, yet we think the quiet humour displayed in it will not fail to render it a very popular print.

Geography.—Our readers will be happy to hear that a Map of Greece, the want of which has long been felt by all scholars, is about to appear. We have had an opportunity of seeing it: and when we mention that it has been compiled by Col. Leake and Sir Wm. Gell, nothing need be added in proof of its accuracy.

Posthumous Hospitality.—The late Professor Ewers, who died at Dorpat, in the beginning of May last, directed, on his death-bed, that he should be buried by torch-light at half-past ten o'clock, P.M.; and that the next morning his beavelling friends should be regaled at a public *déjeuner* under his own roof. His anxiety, for the provision of good cheer on the latter occasion, was such, that he prescribed every dish and liquor which was to be consumed at the banquet!

Fish.—According to Cuvier, Aristotle knew and named one hundred and seventeen kinds of fishes; Pliny only eighty-five or eighty-six; Oppian, one hundred and twenty-five; Athenæus, one hundred and thirty; and Elian, one hundred and ten. Ausonius is the first who speaks of salmon-trout, common trout, and other fresh-water fish. In the whole, the ancients distinguished and named one hundred and fifty kinds of fishes; of which Aristotle discovered forty different kinds.

Batavia.—The following is an official summary of the present population of this kingdom:

Province of the Iser	594,096
— Lower Danube	418,199
— Regen	423,754
— Upper Danube	508,647
— Râzat	538,943
— Upper Main	534,830
— Lower Main	551,866
— Rhine	510,063
Total	4,080,398

School-system, Bavaria.—After being bewildered by two unsuccessful attempts at legislation, the public schools of this kingdom are about to undergo a third reform at the hands of the Bavarian government; and this, as we are informed, within the short space of three years. We wish we could augur good from the new experiment about to be made; but our hopes are slender, seeing that the concocter of the former miscarriages is a leading referee on the present occasion.

Japan.—Dr. Siebold, who had undertaken to explore this *terra incognita*, and had made very extensive collections towards it on the spot some time back, excited the suspicions of the native government by his inquiries, and was forthwith thrown into prison, from which his European friends had no earthly hope of his deliverance. Letters of the 1st January, from Batavia, communicate, however, the acceptable tidings of his arrival in that capital; and as the Japanese government have allowed him to bring away all his MSS. and collections, the result of his visit will throw a light upon the state of this island, to which the scientific world have hitherto been denied all access.

Mountains of Naples.—Tenore, in his "Cenno di Geografia del regno di Napoli," gives the heights of the loftiest mountains in the Neapolitan dominions, and we avail ourselves of his authority for the following details:—

Monte Corno (in the ulterior Abruzzo)...	Feet. 9573
— Amaro (in the citerior Abruzzo) ..	8878
— Majella	8004
— Meta (Terra di Lavoro)	7276
— Pollino (Calabria)	7073
— Miletto (near Piedimonte d'Alife) ..	6748

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, July 3.—The following degrees have been conferred:

Masters of Arts: T. Tyers, New College, grand compounder; J. C. Dowdeswell, Student of Christ Church; W. M. Du Pre, Christ Church; W. Platt, and Rev. W. Bannerman, Brazen Nose; Rev. J. Maingy, Pembroke; Rev. W. H. Landon, Worcester; Rev. C. R. Roper, St. John's; W. J. B. Angell, Queen's; Rev. St. Vincent L. Hammick, Exeter; E. F. Glenville, Fellow of Exeter. Bachelor of Arts: G. Atkinson, Queen's.

The following gentlemen have been elected at St. John's College:

Actual Fellows: A. P. Dunlap, R. W. Browne. Probationary Fellows, or Scholars: C. Rew, H. Homing, A. R. Adams, H. J. P. Cox.

Mr. E. F. Glenville, B.A. of Exeter College, and Mr. C. L. Cornish, Exhibitioner of Queen's, have been elected Fellows of Exeter College.

The following gentlemen have been elected at Wadham College:

Probationary Fellows: W. Hill, B.A. of kin to the founder; Rev. J. P. Rhoades, M.A.; T. Vores, M.A.; and J. Griffiths, B.A.

Scholars: J. P. Keigwin, of kin to the founder; T. Branner; C. Maul; A. Lloyd; C. Badham; O. B. Hyman.

CAMBRIDGE, July 9.—A grace has passed the Senate to authorize the committee of the Pitt Club to erect, at their own expense, under the superintendence of the Syndics of the Press, a new building to be called "The Pitt Press," between Silver-street and Mill-lane.

The following degrees have been conferred:

Bachelor in Physic: J. Harris, Trinity College. Bachelors in Civil Law: J. Vinall, Esq. Trinity Hall (compounder); Rev. H. M. Grover, St. Peter's College; Rev. P. Osborne, Catharine Hall; Rev. C. Payne, Trinity Hall (compounder).

Masters of Arts: T. Greenwood, St. John's College; Rev. J. P. Voules, St. Peter's College (compounder); W. Hartley, and R. T. Lowe, Christ College.

Bachelors of Arts: W. J. A. Abington, Trinity College.—G. L. Fraser, St. Peter's College; W. J. Barker, Queen's College.—H. Wright, St. John's College; W. H. H. King, Catharine Hall.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Days of the Week.	Thermom.		Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
	Max.	Min.			
Th. 1	69	51	29.70	E.	Rain, P.M.
Fr. 2	69	54	29.47	S.W.	Rain.
Sat. 3	74	54	29.20	N.E. to S.W.	Clear.
Sun. 4	74	53	29.42	W. to N.W.	Cloudy.
Mon. 5	70	54	29.74	S.W.	Clear.
Tues. 6	73	59	29.72	S.W.	Clear.
Wed. 7	70	52	29.35	—	Shrs.

Precipitating Clouds.—Cymoid, Cirrostratus, Cumulus, and Nimbus. Thunder and lightning on Saturday, P.M.

Nights and mornings for the most part fair.

Mean temperature, 62.5.

Astronomical Observations.

The Sun and Jupiter in opposition on Monday, at $\frac{1}{2}$ past noon.

Moon and Jupiter in conjunction on Monday, at midnight.

Sun's geocentric longitude on Wed. $14^{\circ} 47'$ in Cancer.

Length of day on Wed. 16h. 22m.; decreased, 12m.

Sun's horary motion $2' 25''$. Logarithmic number of distance .007187.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. C. D.—This letter was not received until too late to be acknowledged in the last paper.

We thank W. H. for his good intentions. We are aware that there are young people as well as old in the world, laughers as well as grave men; and, for their sakes, though riddles are not with this place, and we cannot give him a column, we will make selections from his odd fancies, and spare a corner:—

What is a blunderbuss?—Getting into the wrong omnibus.

What is a mongrel?—An animal that starts for two races, and is not placed in either.

Why is a boy that runs away from school like a pirate?—Because he's a true-ant.

Athenæum Advertisement.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

LITERATURE.

Forthcoming.—Professor Möller, of Copenhagen, is publishing, under the title of "Mnemosyne," a collection of monuments and portraits of the great men of Denmark.

Mr. Boden is preparing for the press, "Memoirs of the late Mrs. Jordan,"—at the present moment a task of great difficulty and delicacy. They will embrace a public and private history of the life of that celebrated Actress, from her first appearance upon the *Irish stage*, until her lamented and premature death at *St. Cloud*; together with anecdotes of all the eminent individuals and distinguished personages with whom, during her life, she associated. The work will be printed in two volumes 8vo., and illustrated with an engraved portrait, from a well-known original picture.

A new Journal, devoted entirely to Geology, is about to be commenced at Paris, edited by Messrs. Boué, Jobert, sen., and Rozet.

Just Subscribed.—Family Cabinet Atlas, Part III., 2s. 6d. plain, 3s. 6d. coloured.—De la Becher's Geological Phenomena, 4to. bds. 2s. 2s.—Rev. R. Parkinson's Sermons, 2d edit. 12mo. 6s. bds.—McNeil on the Jews, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Vincent's Sermons, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Grant's Lectures on the Prodigal Son, 12mo. 3s. bds.—Ingram's Matilda, a Poem, 8vo. 12s. bds.—Murray on Hydrophobia, 12mo. 4s. bds.—Marshall's Naval Biography, Supplement, Part IV. 8vo. 15s. bds.—Tartan's Shells of the British Islands, coloured plates, 2s. 6d.—Herodotus, Intermittent on Locke's System, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cloth bds.—The Proverbs of Solomon, with Last Version, by C. McKenzie, 2s. 6d. cloth.—Herodotus from the Text of Schweighäuser, Vol. I. 8s. bds.—Elements of Analytical Geometry, by J. R. Young, 7s. cloth.—The Templars, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1s. 7s. bds.—Laurent's Introduction to Ancient Geography, 8vo. 14s. bds.—Euripides Tragedies, cum Notis Saderi, 8vo. 8s. bds.—Roger's Law and Practice of Elections, with the Statutes, 12mo. 17s. bds.—Gardner's Law of Evidence, 6s. bds.—Dublin University Examinations proposed to the Candidates for the Science Medal, from 1816 to 1829, 8s. bds.—Holroyd on Patents, 1 Vol. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Rankin's Treatise on Life Assurances and Annuities, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Scott's Lady of the Lake, new edit. 8s. 6d. bds.—Doyle's Irish Cottagers, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—O'Donoghue's Prince of Killybegs, 12mo. 6s. cloth.—The Outcast, a Story of the Modern Reformation, 2 vols. 18mo. 2s. cloth.—The Martyr of Prussia, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cloth.—Burr on County Contested Elections, 10s. 6d. bds.

FINE ARTS.

Forthcoming.—A new edition of the Bible, with Illustrations by J. Martin. This work is to be published in Parts, each to contain three prints, of the imperial quarto size, accompanied by letter-press descriptions of the subject.

Boys digging for Rats, from Wilkie's presentation picture to the Royal Academy, by Mitchell.—Dr. Wollaston, from a drawing after Lawrence, by Lewis.—A Portrait of Sir Edward Coddington, also from Lawrence.

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